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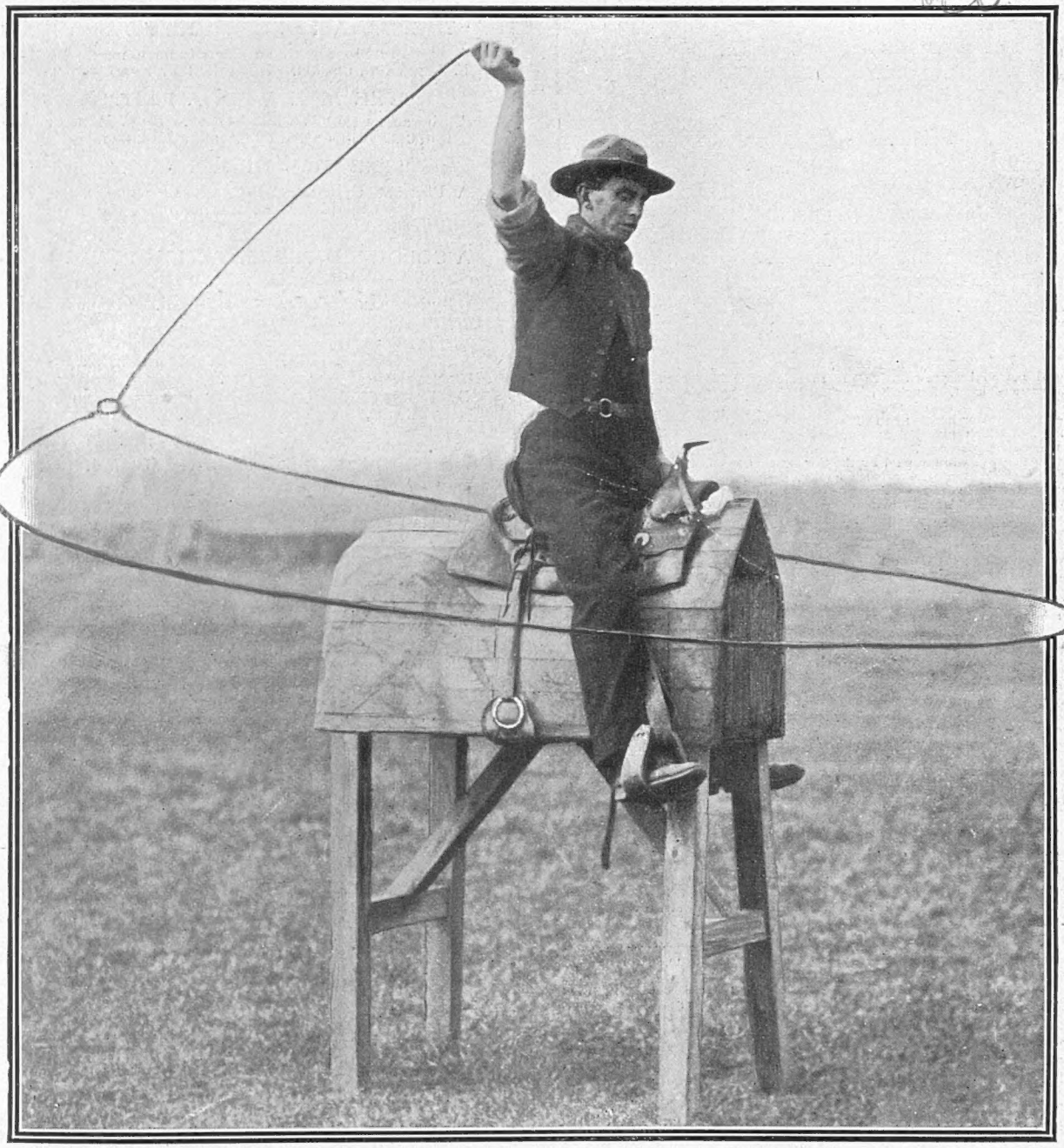

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No. 261—Vol. XX. Wednesday, December 2, 1908

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EMPIRE.—A DAY IN PARIS. Beats All Records.
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THE . . .

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"OUR LITTLE ELVES."

(Drawn by THOMAS MAYBANK.)

As in former years, the Commentary Pages are enlivened by the decoration of the borders with grotesque figures engaged in puzzling out the Topics of the Times. The Elves take within their purview such subjects as the Licensing Bill, the Suffragettes, the Kaiser, Airships, &c., with most droll and laughable results.

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Christmas Books,
Menu for Christmas Dinners.

In addition to the above special features will be found all the usual contents of THE BYSTANDER. Current Topics lightly touched upon, Christmas in the Country, At the Theatres, Games and Pastimes, Golf, Automobile Topics, &c.

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

The King's Health

The pleasant sojourn of the King with Lord and Lady Farquhar at Castle Rising was somewhat marred by a cold which his Majesty took when shooting. The King is never imprudent, but, of course, with his fine physique, it is only natural he should show a certain amount of daring in facing physical attacks. However, after remaining indoors a couple of days, he again went out with the guns, taking the precaution to be heavily cloaked. He returned to the Hall earlier than the others in order to avoid the evening chills. The King never scoffs at "old wives' remedies"; on the contrary, he has been known to appreciate the simple recipe that savours of the homely home. On the Sandringham estate there dwells an old lady—very old now—who could testify that the simple cure of gruel, feet in hot mustard water, and so forth, have by no means been laughed at even by his Majesty.

* * *

The Visit to Melbury House

There is much interest in and about Dorchester at the expected Royal visit next week. The King, who will be accompanied by the Queen, will have a delightful time, as Lord and Lady Ilchester have invited a most pleasant party to meet them. Lord and Lady Ilchester are a perfect host and hostess, and both Holland House and Londonderry House have certainly been a good training ground for them.

* * *

The Cullinan Diamond

The great diamond, given by the loyal South Africans to show their appreciation of King Edward, has at last been presented to his Majesty, having reached that state of perfection which only the art of a foreign cutter, apparently, can produce. The story of the Cullinan savours of romance. It was discovered almost by accident by an overseer of the mines of the Premier Diamond Mining Company three years ago. He was going his rounds when he noticed something glistening in the earth; he dug it out with a pocket-knife, and recognised it as a diamond, the hugest that had ever been seen. It was named the "Cullinan" after the then chairman of the Premier Company. Its weight was 3,025¾ English carats, or more than 1½lb. avoirdupois. As it has reached the King, however, it forms two of the largest brilliants in the world, a third stone weighing 92 carats, a fourth 62 carats, while there are a hundred others of varying sizes. By an expert who has had an opportunity of examining them, this scintillating handful of gems is estimated to be worth £1,000,000. Provision has been made for Queen Alexandra to have a *bijou* out of this glorious brilliant, which, in its present forms, now takes the place of honour in the Tower, whence it awaits transfer to the orb and sceptre.

Photo *Rita Martin*

A New Portrait of the Duchess of Westminster

With whom everybody is sympathising on account of her husband's serious illness

* * *

Royal Hats and a Duchess

The people who know all about the coming fashions say that the large hat is to be barred in future. And yet a charming duchess looks out at us from a very fetching example. The Royal ladies whose photographs we print will be seen to be wearing hats of quite modest proportions, and no doubt their example will influence designs that are to be. Indeed, for country and sporting use, the small hat must always be liked; it is so useful and pleasant. But I fancy in Town those wide eighteenth-century affairs will hold their own, for they are vastly becoming, and must be very popular with those clever Bond Street people who, whatever Queens and Princesses may do, manage to lead fashion towards the expensive and bizarre.

* * *

King Alfonso Will Race

The Spanish King will enter into yacht-racing next summer, and Mr. Fife, of Fairlie, Clyde, has designed a cutter for him, which is to be built in Spain by picked artisans from Scotland. King Alfonso's representative is in Clydeside making arrangements for this purpose. His Majesty will, without doubt, be a very popular racer, for the yachting world always look forward to see him in their midst, and he is a great favourite at Cowes.

Royalty's Quiet Mode in Hats

Those Naughty Lords!

As usual, blood and thunder from Mr. Birrell against the Lords. It is, perhaps, rather a pity he does not spare some of his reserve fury for his own department, in which his mildness is that of milk. The usual language is bandied about "flouting the will of the people," forgetful (1) that the will has been clearly proved in a dozen elections to be against the Bill, and (2) even if it were the will of the people, the people are not the sole power in this country. The House of Commons, constitutionally, has its place. But it is not omnipotent. It may be a very bad thing that

The Princess of Wales
In a turban toque in fur and velvet, with a cluster of quill feathers

there should be a House of Peers just as some people think it a bad thing there should be a monarch. But there they both are, and so long as they remain, they must do their duty according to their lights, and veto anything they do not approve of. The Lords have passed quite a number of the Bills of the present Government—are not the Radicals boasting of their "social reforms"? The talk of the Lords vetoing the "considered judgment" of the Commons is absurd.

* * *

Missing the Point

The point to be submitted to the country is not what the Lords have done over this bill or that bill, but whether there should be Lords at all. Many moderate people would welcome an entire revision of the constitution of our Upper Chamber.

The Queen
In a hat of Tyrolean shape, simply adorned with a feather mount

If, instead of all this fire-eating, the Liberal party would propose such a revision, they might gain a considerable body of support.

* * *

The Eternal Balkans

What *are* we to do with the Balkans? Sometimes I regret that Nature has withdrawn her volcanic operations from those regions. If there were a Mont Pelée somewhere in South-Eastern Europe, and the present a time of eruption, there would be awful loss of life, but a good deal less danger. The situation at present is more alarming than ever, though the officials do try and look pleasant over it. Facts are facts, and when the Austrian Ambassador announces to the Turkish Grand Vizier that he's off to Vienna for a change, things begin to look distinctly troublous. I do not believe that either Austria or Turkey will actually begin fighting.

* * *

Austrian Foolishness

But somebody, either in Servia or Montenegro, is bound, sooner or later, to fire something or other, and the first shot will be the danger-signal. Should Austria-Hungary find herself confronted with foes in

Photos *Hills and Saunders*
Princess Patricia
In quite a moderately brimmed felt, with an unassuming wing mount decoration

SHOOTING PARTY TASTES OF THE QUEEN AND THREE PRINCESSES

all quarters—Turks, Serbs, Czechs, Italians, and Russians, all of whom vie with each other in hatred of the double-eagle—she would have only herself to blame. So long as Austria remained quiet and passive, and confined her activities to intrigues in Chancelleries and *salons*, nobody minded her little ways. She is, after all, among the nations, a "perfect lady," of peerless birth and breeding, quite different in her manners from a certain neighbour. When, however, she throws up her restraint, and goes about Europe like a Suffragette, she loses all respect and sympathy. Her conduct over the Bosnian annexation was positively Pankhursty. She must not, there-

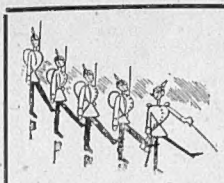
Princess Victoria
Wearing a similar hat to that of her Majesty

fore, complain if she should find herself very soon in the charge of the police.

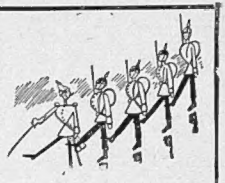
* * *

Dorando's Marathon

The pleasure expressed by all and sundry that Dorando, pitched against Hayes, won the New York "Marathon" race is great. In London the chances were too much against him. I know as a fact that the poor fellow had nothing in his pocket but a few pennies on the morning of the race from Windsor to the Stadium. Nay, he had perforce to get up betimes to go from friend to friend to collect his fare to Windsor that day! Luckily, if he came to England a poor man, he left it a happy and comparatively rich one. Among his gifts, not chronicled in the Press by the way, was a beautiful gold watch from the Duchess of Sutherland.



Had We Been Invaded Last Week!



SOME ATTITUDES IN WHICH THE ENEMY WOULD HAVE SURPRISED US, AND WE THE ENEMY

Our aristocracy would have been found shooting——pheasants! Others would have been engaged in the demoralising pastime of racing

We cannot refrain from calling attention to the shocking state of things now prevailing. While Lord Roberts is calling the nation to arms—the enemy being, we understand, at our gates (almost)—all classes of the people are engaged in the most trifling pursuits, instead of drilling each other!

(1 and 3) The Duke of Devonshire at Lord James of Hereford's big shoot last week. Lord Westbury at the same.

(2) Trigg on Mr. W. M. G. Singer's Lischana, winner of the Newbury Autumn Handicap.

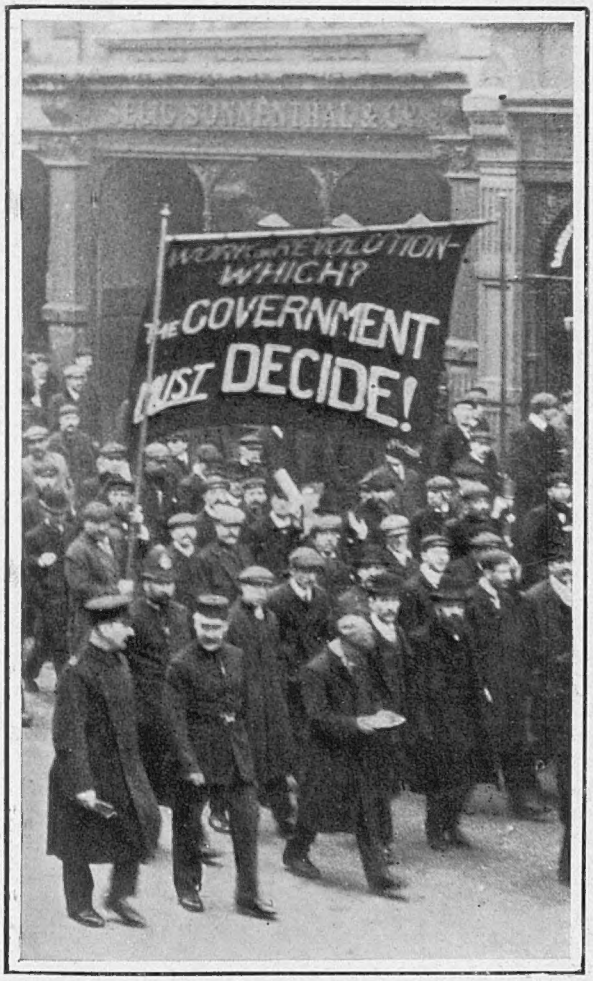


Photo L.N.A.

The always efficient army of unemployed would have been found hunger marching and demanding work or threatening revolution

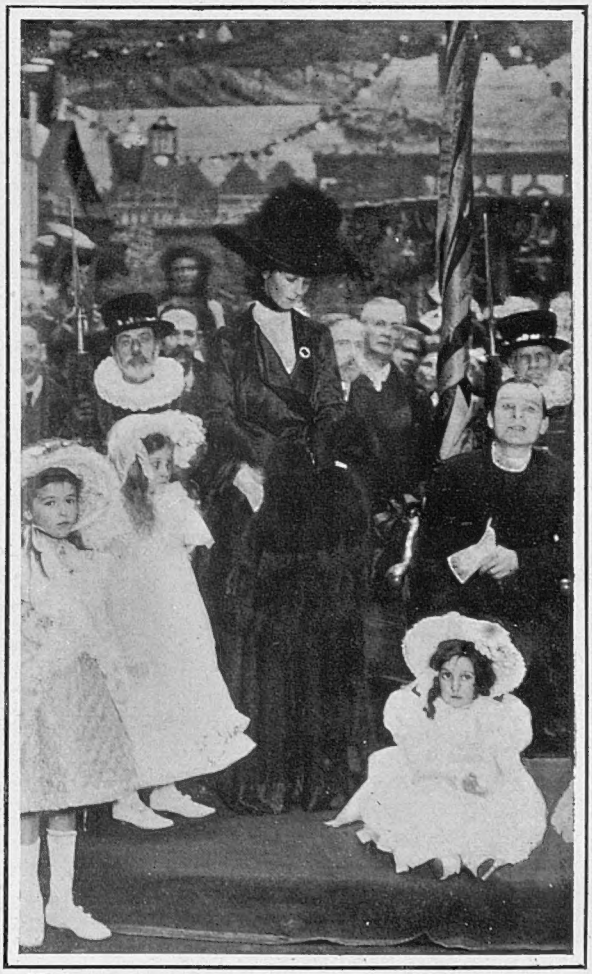


Photo Illustrations Bureau

Our great ladies would have been absorbed in charity, and the Duchess of Marlborough, as usual, opening a bazaar (as here shown)

Turkey at the Poll: Constantinople Votes

The Ballot-Box

Constantinople is simply delighted with this new toy. The antique civilisation of the East has at last found out how full of amusement are our little Western ways. The mystic box, the tangible sign of the part the people are taking in their own government, is at present the idol of all parties and religions. Even while the population are demonstrating their joy at their progress within, there are outward signs that the new Goverment will have its hands full. Vienna and Budapest are throwing a dark shadow over the Turkish elections, and while the Turks are reforming themselves, they are also re-forming that old terror, the Balkan crisis. Turkey, Montenegro, and Servia are, apparently, to form a new triple alliance—an idea very likely to materialise in view of the growing tension between Turkey and Austria.

The Coming Turkish Parliament in the Making

Polling in Constantinople, where the ballot-boxes are placed in the streets. The photograph was taken in front of a mosque in Stamboul

* * *

Our Christmas Number

Even THE BYSTANDER does not escape its Christmas Number. It happens next week, and will contain all our readers are wont to expect. That is to say, there will be pages and pages of humorous sketches, coloured plates, stories, by the best artists and writers, and, in fact, all the literary and artistic necessities of the time of year. All the ordinary — and extraordinary — features that so distinguish our weekly number will—as ever—be included. The price is the usual one of sixpence.

* * *

The "Morning Post"

The late Lord Clenesk combined within one personality many unusual qualities. Politically, from the time when Lord Palmerston advised him to "stick to the paper" until quite recently, he was a considerable force. He was successful in all his undertakings, and made a splendid property of the *Morning Post*. The position of the 1*d*. daily papers is somewhat perilous, but at least one can say, "There stands a *Post*," and while that is so one has a sense of security. The saddest blow of his life was the loss of his only son, Mr. Oliver

Photos] **Turkish Election Fever: Stamboul's Free and Independent Voters Do a Little Peaceful Persuasion** [*Bolak*

Next week's Turkish Parliament—for December 8 is the date when it is (D.V.) to meet—is now in the making, and Constantinople has been having a merry time at the polls. At the time of writing, the elections are being conducted with positively model orderliness. Nothing more serious than Greco-Turkish and Turco-Greek accusations of corruption, with a street demonstration or two, and a few faction scrimmages, have taken place

The Pageant Idea in Matrimony

The Wedding Pageantised: Mr. Archibald Lyle and Miss Dorothy de Hoghton, with their Costumed Bridal Party

The idea of the pageant took a new form at the wedding between Mr. Archibald Lyle and Miss Dorothy de Hoghton, at Preston, last week. The bridal party was attended, after the ceremony, by twenty little girls dressed as Lancashire witches. The bride's dress was "Charles II.," and Master Patrick Grover and the little bridesmaids were also in Caroline costume

Borthwick, in 1905. That death proved an overwhelming sorrow.

* * *

Champagne and Diplomacy

Mr. Borthwick inherited his father's journalistic ability (writes a correspondent), and I remember a brilliant little *coup* he once brought off for the *Post*. We were in Switzerland conducting the Delagoa Bay arbitration, and I, with a few other people, including Mr. Borthwick, was exceedingly anxious to know the decision of the Commission before the public announcement of it—I for reasons of State, and Borthwick for reasons of journalism. For the result was of great importance to Great Britain. Well, there were bouquets, and all that sort of thing, for the charming but exceedingly diplomatic wives of the exceedingly diplomatic Commissioners. But, somehow, the secret would *not* out, however pleasant one made oneself to officials of the High Court—and their ladies. It was very trying. It was more trying still when the *Post* bla oned forth the award a day before it was announced to the Legations! Mr. Borthwick, who came to Switzerland, not only with all the prestige of being his father's son, but with the polished manners of a diplomatist, had beaten the Diplomatic Corps at its own game. How he obtained his news is another story, but it was not unconnected with a champagne supper—and other wiles! This Delagoa Bay arbitration award, by the way, was one of the most unfair decisions ever given. Only Portugal gained by it. Still, the *Morning Post* scored a huge success by its enterprise.

Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

Little Lancashire Witches at Miss Hoghton's Wedding

Though it is not the first time witches have been present at a wedding, their advent was not usually welcomed in days of yore. Their attendance, however, at the Hoghton wedding last week was a picturesque and welcome innovation

* * *

When All the World Was Young

Lord Glenesk, once speaking of his early days, said: "We were then in the infancy of everything." It is the secret of the charm of such a man, and the men of his generation, that they came in, as it were, with the sweet of the intellectual year. Hope sprang eternal in the middle of the last century, and all the world was young—apparently. There

The Peer who Stopped the Stop

was a general awakening, and all the jokes were new, and people laughed and lived with faith in their ideals. Among the light-hearted achievements of the then Algernon Borthwick was the production of the *Owl* periodical, which appears to have been first welcomed by a waiting world in 1864. For seven long years it flourished and amused, and only ended because Lord Borthwick married and did not feel inclined to ask his wife to give up Society on Monday and Tuesday evenings so that he might edit the first of the Society journals.

* * *

"Owl" Memories

There have been many clever papers since then, conducted by as wise and more brilliant men, but never such a personal success as was achieved by Evelyn Ashley, Warncliffe, Stuart Wortley, Oliphant, and Drummond Wolff. That is the advantage of living when everything is in its infancy, and the minds of men are childlike and bland. By the way, was it for this paper that Lord Trevelyan—who became so serious later—wrote his "Owl's Song," a sort of prelude, I think, to that successful early undertaking of Lord Glenesk?

Come hither and listen, whoever
Would learn from our pages the miracle
Of passing for witty and clever
Without being voted satirical.
He'd better be apt with his pen
Than well-dressed and well-booted and gloved,
Who likes to be liked by the men,
By the women who loves to be loved.

That has the true ring of the elegant and hopeful "'sixties." Now everyone is too apt with the pen. Love is enough, one is still told, but I've heard the same thing said of £10,000 a year with a good deal more conviction.

* * *

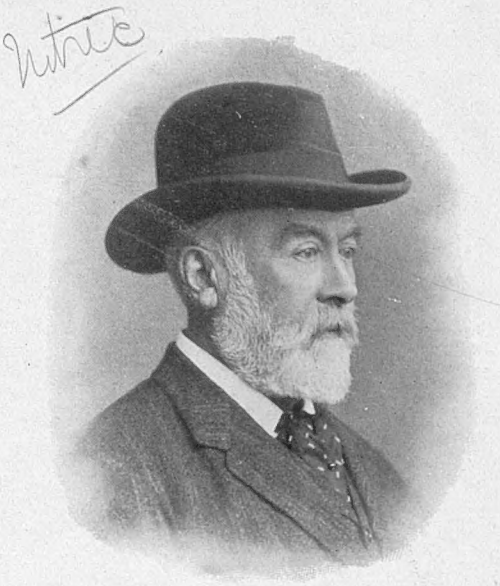


Photo *Voigt*

The Late Lord Glenesk

Proprietor of the *Morning Post*, and one of the most genial journalists and politicians of his time

Photo *Haines*

Lord Cawdor

Who initiated the recent House of Lords' debate on Naval policy, and made one of the strongest speeches against the Licensing Bill. He was First Lord of the Admiralty in the last Government, previously to which he had a brilliant career in the railway world, having been responsible, among other things, for securing the abolition of the exasperating ten minutes' wait at Swindon, on the G.W.R. of yesteryear

Lord Cawdor

The election of Earl Cawdor, who initiated the important Naval debate the other day in the House of Lords, and made a trenchant speech against the Licensing Bill, to the Presidency of the National Union of Conservatives and Constitutional Associations, is another instance of the high favour in which he stands in the Party councils. He was once said to be "as swift at repartee as an Irish Member—and more effective."

* * *

Railways

In 1890, on the death of Mr. Talbot, M.P., the then Father of the House of Commons, he was elected a director of the Great Western Railway. In 1895 he became Chairman, and he filled the office until Mr. Balfour invited him to join the Cabinet. One of Lord Cawdor's clever ideas of railway management was while decreasing its cost to quicken the service.

* * *

Stopping the Stop

There are generally obstacles to such a course as this. On the G.W.R. all trains bound Westward had to stop at Swindon for at least ten minutes. This, it is understood, was in accordance with an agreement made between the Company and the refreshment-room owners at the time the station was built. Lord Cawdor determined that this waste of time must be stopped, and he did it at the cost, it is said, of sixty thousand pounds. The man who can make such changes in the conservative railway world is likely to do a great deal for his Party.

* * *

Chelmsford

Captain E. G. Pretyman seems, at the time of writing, likely to hold Chelmsford for the Conservatives and Tariff Reform. People alike in Parliament and in the Eastern counties generally would be glad to see him again a Member. He is a genuine Tory, with no nonsense about him on the Church, the land, the Lords, etc., etc. He has also leanings towards Temperance (if the word "leanings" is allowable in such a connection). He was Financial Secretary to the Admiralty in the last Ministry, and has the courage of his convictions. I was once rather startled to see him coming out of the Office on a hot summer's day top-hatted, frock-coated,

Picturesque Royalty

THE NEWEST PORTRAIT OF PRINCESS ALEXANDER OF TECK

Photo *Rita Martin*

Among the foremost in enthusiasm for works of charity and philanthropy is Princess Alexander of Teck, who has just been showing her interest in last week's important Church Army Sale at the Portman Rooms. The Princess's interest in matters of charity is as great as that of her mother, the Duchess of Albany. She is, however, also fond of riding, boating, and of outdoor life generally, and, besides, is an excellent linguist. The Prince, who is an old Etonian, is a Captain in the Royal Horse Guards, and has served in Matabeleland and in the Boer War, and holds the D.S.O. Married four years ago, the Prince and Princess have a son and a daughter

Can We Stand Conscription?

but *without a waistcoat*. Captain Pretyman used, of course, to represent the Woodbridge Division of Suffolk. He captured it from, and lost it to, that incurable Bi-metallist and Free Trader, Mr. R. L. Everett, M.P. He succeeded to the estates, near Ipswich, of the late eccentric and wealthy Colonel Tomline, around whom grew up a positive *saga* of local legends. The Colonel was known to endow with sudden wealth persons entirely without expectations. The knowledge of this habit made it a positive rule with local residents to entreat their sons "on no account to forget to raise their hats should they meet him in the street," it having been rumoured that a youth had once been handsomely rewarded for this courtesy! Captain Pretyman, to the great delight of the neighbourhood, brought to Orwell Park, in 1894, a pretty and charming wife—Lady Beatrice, daughter of the Earl of Bradford—and he has an heir, now thirteen years old, to the estates at Orwell and elsewhere.

* * *

Can We Stand Conscription?

As a result of the debate in the Lords last week, Conscription is practically emblazoned on the banner of the Imperial Reform Party—as I may be pardoned for christening the new Tories. To this, it is not for such as myself to raise objections. Lord Roberts has spoken—our greatest General has proclaimed our accessibility to the invader's hoof; it is, therefore, the duty of the patriots among us to agree, and advise those of us who remain young enough to learn at once the use of the rifle and acquire the goose-step. The idea that like must be fought with like is ingrained in the national philosophy. Because Germany is our likeliest invader, we, the great and proud and free British nation, must, as a matter of course, promptly proceed to Germanise ourselves. The Prussians must find themselves, on landing, received in the best Prussian fashion, by troops like them from the tips of their moustaches to those of their toes. The idea that the best way to beat the Germans would be to remain Britons has not occurred.

* * *

The Alarmist Note

And yet one knows of cases where the unarmed man has won the victory over the swordsman; when the "power of the eye" has cowed the wildest beast; when a few light craft have shattered an Armada. England has never had compulsory service, and yet England has become — England. They tell us — the alarmists — that our lack of a Continental-sized army in England is an invitation to the invader. Surely you might as well say that the fact that you are a teetotaler is an invitation to the tippler. A sportsman goes where he gets good sport—a soldier where he gets good fighting. The very defencelessness of England, in a military sense, would make it a pretty poor prospect for the German soldier, who likes something a little better than a "walk-over."

* * *

No Glory!

If German officers seek glory, they will prefer another *bout* with France, or a smack at Russia, to shooting down East Anglian farmers and policemen, and blowing up town halls and church steeples, preparatory to capturing a capital which they already know only too well, and which sells the poorest lager beer in the world. No. I can believe that the Kaiser seeks world-empire, that he, with that end, might like to put an end to British sea supremacy, but I cannot believe that he is so poor a fighter as to seek glory by means of an invasion of a defenceless country. If Britain adopts Conscription, then, instantly, we do invite the invader, who would then see in us fair game. It is such random thoughts as these which make me—otherwise a good Imperialist and ever a strong Navy man—a sceptic on the question of Conscription.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The Chelmsford Election: Captain Pretyman Canvasses

The Unionist Candidate having a few final words with electors before yesterday's polling. The campaign has been conducted with great vigour, and Captain Pretyman has had to struggle against a good deal of personal criticism—*and* the Suffragettes; on the other hand, he had the unique distinction of receiving a vote of confidence from a Radical meeting

THE KILLING OF THE BILL

LORDLY INQUISITORS RETURNING FROM THE CONCLAVE AT LANSDOWNE HOUSE

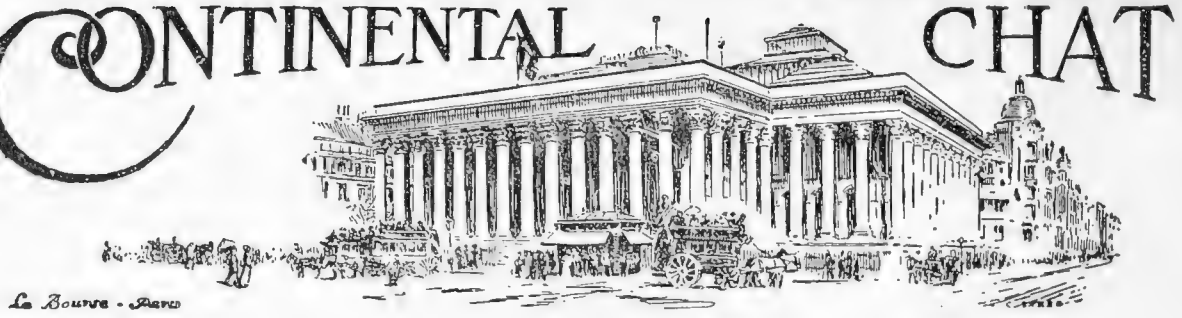
1. Lord Desborough (left) and Lord Midleton (formerly Mr. Brodrick)
2. Lord Roberts (who left without voting)
3. A Party of Peers Gleefully Discussing the Event
4. Lord Waleran (left) and the Duke of Rutland
5. The Earl of Jersey, who seconded Lord Lansdowne's Resolution (left), and Viscount Cross

Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

For a few horrid moments people were thinking that the Lords would deal with the Licensing Bill by a process of amputation. In the interests of humanity, however, better counsels prevailed, and it was decided that torture was too cruel. To tear the thing limb from limb, and send a few odd fragments back for the contemplation of the Commons, was more than their Lordships could find it in their hearts to do. They accordingly sentenced it in the House of Lansdowne, and killed the wretched creature outright in the House of Lords. It was a gentlemanly death, and a blessed relief, for which everybody is exceedingly grateful.

Photos *Graphic Photo Union*

CONTINENTAL CHAT



(By Our Special Correspondent)

A Winter City

The tourist who sees Vienna only in the summer wonders why such a half-empty, overgrown city should be ranked with London, Paris, and New York. But that is only because Vienna is a winter city. The Viennese, just as they love their city in winter, fly from it as soon as the forests have grown green on its beautiful neighbouring hills. While London and Paris are empty for two or three months, Vienna is empty for six. At the moment, however, everything in Vienna is in full swing, and its outdoor life is livelier than anywhere else. Compared with Budapest, which I have just left, Vienna seems more civilised and modern than ever. It is like coming from Edinburgh to London.

* * *

Quite Scotch!

The contrast in the spirit of the two cities is equally striking. The dogged determination of the Hungarians in their assertion of the intellectual and political superiority of their city over that of the cosmopolitan Austrian capital is touchingly Scottish. Yet there is a very fair possibility that on the accession of Archduke Ferdinand the Hungarian capital will be given a fillip. Social life in Vienna has suffered very much for the want of a lady at its head.

* * *

Rival Princesses

The Archdukes and Archduchesses prefer the private lives which they are free to lead to undertaking the trouble and expense of social entertainments. The leaders of Society, therefore, are the old families. Private entertainment does not take the form of dinners, but of dances and music. As in other capitals, charities are the excuse for a great deal of conviviality, but with a very different result, for here charity entertainments do really bring in money! The two great social rivals in Vienna are Princess Metternich and Princess Croy, both splendid organisers and workers in the cause of charity. Princess Metternich, a *grande dame* to her finger-tips, is the social perennial of Vienna. To be asked to work with her in whatever cause she takes up is a coveted honour for those who have prestige to earn and money to give.

Photo E.N.A.

A Great Friend of Prince George of Servia

Prince Danilo of Montenegro, heir to the Principality, whose social exploits are coupled with those of another "high-spirited" Royalty, Prince George of Servia. He is, however, a somewhat mature *enfant terrible*, for he is nearly forty

A Princely Choice Spirit

A personage who is only too well known in, and at the same time unwelcome to, Budapest is Prince Danilo of Montenegro. His reputation for wild living far surpasses that of Prince George of Servia, who is one of his greatest friends. Quite recently, when in the Hungarian capital, he got rid of all his available assets in a flashy café. The Hungarian Government paternally gave him the money to return to his own country. Poor little Montenegro! State affairs in this Principality are conducted in a strange way. Nobody will lend it any money to build railways, and only quite recently has Montenegro become the happy possessor of a State post at Cettinje.

* * *

Montenegrin Finance!

A story is told of a Cettinje merchant who sent goods on the payment on delivery system, and after waiting six weeks and hearing no news of his goods or receiving any money, at last applied to the post. The postmaster informed him that the money had been received, but as there was no money in the Montenegrin Exchequer, and the Prince needed funds, the merchant's money had been borrowed for a short time, but would certainly be paid back as soon as possible!

* * *

An Old-Fashioned Monarch

In this patriarchal little State, the Sovereign still goes about clad in the picturesque peasant costume of the country. The Prince often suffers from boredom in his lonely eagle-nest castle, and is quite delighted when a stray foreigner can procure horses to climb the hill and visit him. For English people he has a particular predilection, and invites them to play bridge with him. Of course, Court etiquette requires the guest to lose. The Prince is an enthusiastic musician, and whiles away much of his time in composing. A patriotic opera by him was given recently at Belgrade, and received with the enthusiasm the occasion required. In many respects the Prince is an old-fashioned

monarch. He is no believer in Woman's Suffrage, and is, in fact, so strongly against the "emancipation" of the fair sex that he forbids smoking among the ladies of his household. No doubt this is the reason why his daughters, in their new homes, are inveterate smokers.

* * *

Aehrenthal Intime

The man of the hour in Central Europe is Baron Aehrenthal. Tall, iron-grey, with the slight stoop of a student, over fifty years of age, Baron Aehrenthal has a distant resemblance to Prince Buelow and the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, especially to the latter in his genial, and yet in reality reserved, manner. The Baron, in the course of a few months, has been able to achieve a task of which few have shown themselves capable. He has made himself acceptable to all political sections in the Dual Monarchy. Himself a Bohemian, he is married to a Hungarian lady of the well-known Szechenyi family. His education has been both Slav and German, and his long diplomatic service in Russia has familiarised him with all the intricacies of Russian diplomatic methods. There are people who think he has strong German leanings, and others who think his inclinations are Russian. But I do not believe in either notion. My own impression of this clever man is that he is one of the few true embodiments of the Dual Monarchy, and that he and his friend, the future Emperor, will make a deep impression on the history of Europe.

Photo **Modernising the "Underground" in Paris** [*Bolak*

The Underground Railway in Paris is one of the most uncomfortable institutions in the capital, as travellers too well know. The newest "tube," however, here shown in the making under the Seine, is to be something better when, in eight months' time, it is completed from Porte d'Orleans to Porte Clignancourt

* * *

Modest and Retiring

In private life, Baron Aehrenthal is a modest, retiring man, who inflicts his personality as little as possible on the public. Till he succeeded to the high office he now holds, he was only known as a tactful and "correct" Ambassador, who had been successful in the diplomatic service (as Ambassadors often are) by his negative rather than his positive qualities. In the beautiful palace of Foreign Affairs in the Ballhaus Platz only a few rooms are set aside for his private use, but these are luxuriously furnished. The title of his office as Minister of Foreign Affairs is an imperfect description of his duties as Minister of the Imperial House. For he really holds a position not unlike that of the German Chancellor, Prince Buelow.

Photo *Topical Agency*

Our Late Royal Guest with his French Host: King Gustav of Sweden and President Fallières go Shooting

The day after his arrival in Paris from England last week the King of Sweden went with M. Fallières for one of those Presidential shoots in the Rambouillet coverts which French courtesy invariably offers to travelling monarchs and other great personages. King and President, the former of whom seems to have had his hat blown off, are here seen at Rambouillet station starting for the forest

The Beloved of the Ladies—

Photo *C. Vanayk*

THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER

Who has received a Royal Command to appear at Windsor Castle in "The Builder of Bridges" on Friday, December 4

—And King's Players, by Royal Command

Photo *C. Vandyk*

THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF MR. LEWIS WALLER

Who appeared with his company before their Majesties the King and Queen of Sweden by Royal Command in "The Duke's Motto," at Windsor, on Friday, November 20

"GRIT" AT THE "KINGSWAY" THEATRE

Impressions by Norman Morrow of the New Play by Miss Ashwell's Latest Dramatist

THE PLAYHOUSES

By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

Photo *Rita Martin*

Miss Peggy Lorraine

A pretty young actress who is now playing in *The Merry Widow*

Boom! Boom!! Boom!!!

We often hear it said that professionalism is the curse of a certain sport. In the case of the theatre, the exact opposite is the case. It is amateurism which is the curse of the stage. The idea seems to prevail among a certain section of people with more money than brains that a stage career may be entered upon in the most light-hearted fashion and without any training whatsoever. From the front it all looks so easy. And so it comes to pass that the amateur, by dint of influence and push and consummate cheek, pushes herself (or, less often, himself) into positions upon the stage which should really be filled by actresses and actors who have learned their business. In the higher ranks of the profession the situation is comic rather than tragic. As often as not these conceited amateurs, cast for good parts, fill them so badly that managers are unwilling to give them another chance. Then they fade quickly from the public view.

The Tragic Side

But in the lower rungs of the profession the situation is really tragic. The amateur who pays to play a small part or to appear in the chorus is taking the bread out of the mouth of some hardworking member of an overcrowded profession. This state of affairs being so well-known in theatrical circles it is a little surprising that Mr. George Edwardes and Mr. Seymour Hicks should, in conjunction with certain newspapers, have arranged a scheme to attract yet more incompetent and untrained young ladies to the ranks of musical comedy. The lyric stage suffers quite badly enough already from performers who do not take their profession seriously, without attracting to it a fresh band of young ladies whose only passport is their beauty. Every one of the beauties selected by these newspapers is going to occupy a position which rightly belongs to someone else who has qualified for it by hard work and attention to business. In being passed over in this manner they have a legitimate grievance, and I hope that in the channels open to them they will air it in such a manner as to discourage managers from booming their theatrical wares in this latest form.

KINGSWAY THEATRE

"Grit"

A distinguished dramatic critic, a relation of mine, once told me that the first sentence of his "notice" was always the hardest nut to crack.

I have wrestled many times in similar perturbation of mind over the opening words. It is a relief, therefore, to come away from the Kingsway Theatre with the first sentence stereotyped. Here it is.

"Miss Lena Ashwell has discovered yet another new dramatist. His name is Mr. Herman Chilton, and he has written a clever play."

Mr. Chilton received an enthusiastic "call" at the fall of the curtain. His success is all the more gratifying for the reason that twice he jeopardised the fortunes of his play: at the commencement by introducing an impossible will; at the end by destroying it.

The great Sardou has barely gone to his long rest, yet we seem to have progressed far beyond the period of the "paper" plots of which he made such

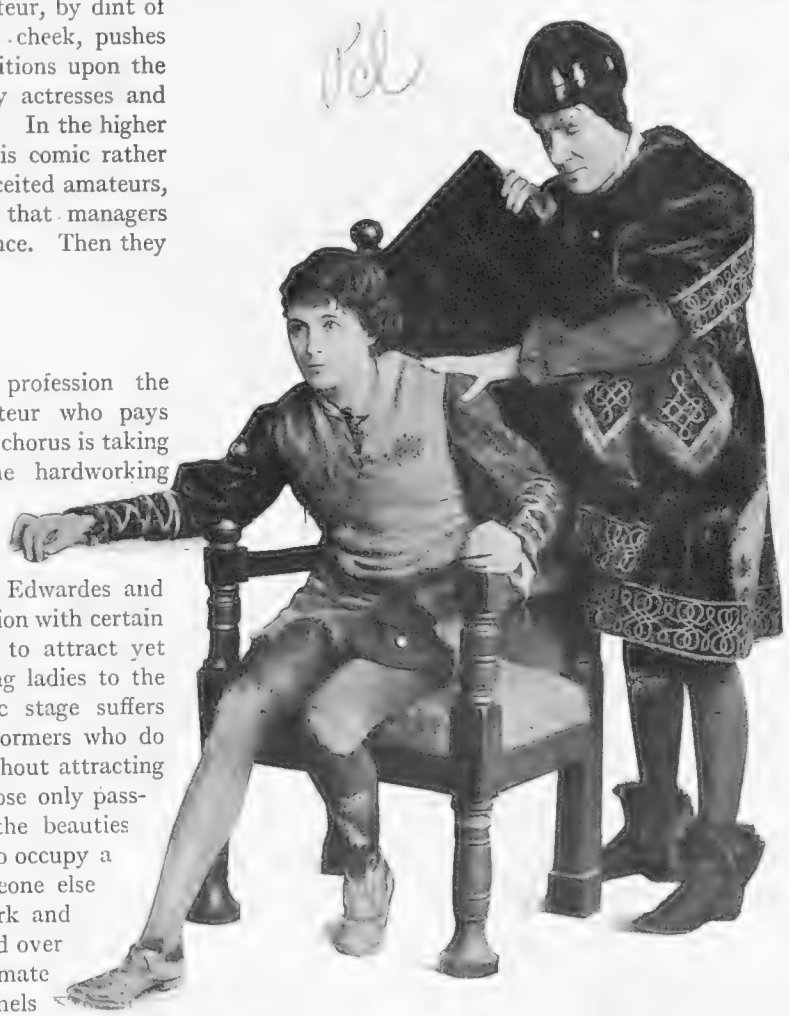


Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

A Louis XI. Playlet, "The King and the Vagabond," at the Coliseum

Mr. Laurence Irving and Miss Mabel Hackney are appearing at the Coliseum next Monday in an historical sketch, entitled *The King and the Vagabond*, a version of Banville's *Gringoire* recently played by Mr. Tree under the title of *The Ballad Monger* Mr. Irving is appearing as the King, while his wife will take the part of Gringoire

dexterous use. The incriminating, or mislaid, or stolen, document has done such duty in the past that nowadays it is *vieux jeu*, and makes us smile or curl our lips according to our temperament.

When mention was first made of a will which forced the refined, upper middle-class Erith Winter to become the wife of Jim Barr, the carpenter, my sensitive playgoing neighbour shuddered. When in the last scene of the last act Erith Winter burned a second and later will, which dispossessed her humble-class husband, my neighbour once more started at this second prod to his nerves.

Real People

Yet if a man builds us a thoroughly satisfactory house we cannot well quarrel with the plebeian appearance of his scaffolding. Mr. Chilton certainly used props which have become rather out of date, but there is no denying the interest and cleverness of his play once he has brought about his amazing marriage. His characterisation is excellent. Both the high-bred girl and the man sprung from the people are drawn with rare skill. The whole treatment, too, of the *tertium quid*, young Dick Travers, who loved Erith before her marriage and lost his head when she became a wife, is most able. Mr. Chilton has set out to tell the story of a wife gradually falling in love with a man who upon the wedding day fills her with horror and disgust. And he has told it in most dramatic and convincing fashion. The influences which act upon Erith Winter are suggested without any attempt to force the various situations which arise. Indeed, naturalness is Mr. Chilton's most engaging quality. His characters speak and act like human beings. They are not the stage puppets usually introduced by a will and disposed of by the burning of it.

Photo *Whitlock*

A Merchant-Dramatist: Mr. H. Herman Chilton

Author of *Grit*, the successful new play produced by Miss Lena Ashwell at the Kingsway Theatre last week. Mr. Chilton is a business man in the Midlands, and this, his first play, gives the promise of much good work to come

The Players

Miss Lena Ashwell, in her quick, deft way, filled in the portrait of Erith Winter with many a subtle touch. Since *The Swayboat* she has slightly reduced the speed of her utterance, and now has struck just the right tempo between a gabble and the drawling, mouthing delivery affected by so many English actresses. Mr. Norman McKinnel has not enjoyed for some time the fine opportunities which the rôle of Jim Barr afford him. To the life he depicts the man of lowly station suddenly introduced into a world of luxury, humour, and many-sidedness. Dazed at first, Jim Barr grows gradually accustomed to his novel *milieu*. At the same time, the sterling honesty and sincerity of the man are continually breaking through the crust of convention, and in the heartfelt speeches which revealed Jim Barr's love and sympathy for the unfortunate class from which he had sprung, Mr. McKinnel was most effective.

Mr. C. M. Hallard was equally in the picture as the young man, a good enough fellow in his way, but who is found wanting when weighed in the balance with such a man as Jim Barr.

This trio comprises the real acting rôles of the play, but mention must be made of two delightful children, played by Misses Vaucelle and Olivia, and of Miss Kate Rorke as Mrs. Percival, the type of womanly woman who finds all the joys of life in domesticity. E. C. S.

Maskelyne and Devant's

A Shakespearean season, in little, is now taking place at St. George's Hall, in the form of the Witches' Scenes from *Macbeth*, with special ghost effect, by that master of mystery, Mr. Maskelyne. In full light and within a few feet of the audience spectres arise and disappear before Macbeth's terrified gaze, while Witches, who have beforehand favoured with their Cauldron Dance, gibber and mutter in the shadows. The whole effect is awsome, and the stage management is exceedingly clever. Also from the histrionic standpoint these scenes leave little to be desired, Mr. Gordon Bailey and Miss Cassie Bruce being very effective as Macbeth and Hecate.

The Juggling Waiter, the Technopathists, Mr. and Mrs. Marriott, Louis Nicolo, an excellent conjuror, and Mr. Nelson Jackson at the piano make the time pass quickly; while I laughed as heartily as I did at its first performance years ago at the old Egyptian Hall at "The Philosopher's Diamond," a comedy of marvels, which gives an abundance of humorous opportunities, all of which are seized by Mr. E. Morehen as the rag and bone merchant.

Miss Eve Tame's Recital

A tall young girl, with a delicate oval face and wide, sweet eyes, stepped on to the platform at the Steinway Hall last Tuesday evening and told her audience a parable. It was Olive Schreiner's majestic story of the Hunter and his pursuit of Truth. The beautiful young elocutionist cast a spell over her audience. The pure young voice and the infinite grace of the movement of white arms were strangely fascinating. Men and women lent forward eagerly, and the tenderness embodied in the delivery of the final sentences sent a wave of emotion through the audience. Miss Eve Tame is deeply to be congratulated on the achievement of a mighty task. She is an artist of rare sincerity, and has the invaluable power of creating an atmosphere. Alternately she can bubble over with delicious gaiety, as in Conan Doyle's "Duet," or charm with the pure music of her delivery, as in the selection from Austin Dobson. But we beg her not to recite to music again. It is inappropriate, and quite unnecessary. Mr. Jack Byles, Mr. Guy Pertwee, and Mr. Harold Howell also contributed to a particularly pleasing programme.

Random Jottings

The third Minister of Education has introduced the fourth Education Bill. A year or two hence the third Chancellor of the Exchequer will be introducing the fourth Licensing Bill.

* * *

The Austrian Minister in Belgrade has "cut" the Crown Prince of Servia. We can sympathise with the diplomat. It is just the sort of blunder any of us might have made.

* * *

Dinizulu has been interviewed in prison. He says that he is struggling with an English-Zulu dictionary, plays "Home Sweet Home" on the organ, and eats and sleeps well. We understand that the Zulu Chancellor has already tendered his resignation.

* * *

Baron d'Erlanger's opera, *Tess*, based on Mr. Hardy's novel, has made a success "comparable," so writes the reporter, "to that of *The Geisha*, *The Merry Widow*, and *Miss Hook of Holland*." This may tempt someone to make a novel out of *Charley's Aunt*.

* * *

"Merely as an auditor," says the *Evening Standard*, writing of the Criterion furnishing case, "Miss Moore brought into play some of those qualities which are so delightful on the Criterion stage. She said 'Oh!' at one piece of the evidence." This is the sort of thing that drives artistic people to the music-halls.

* * *

A Simple Remedy

PORTER (*gratefully, having just received a generous tip*): "Thank you sir; and, in return, let me *give ye* a tip. Never travel in the last carriage. It always suffers worst in a collision."

MR. DOOLEY: "Thin why the divil don't they leave it off?"

BY BERT THOMAS

The Gallery Judge

(*Suggested by the humorous conduct of the Criterion case by Mr. Justice Darling.*)

Just a whisper, just a flutter—
Hear the leading ladies mutter—
And the oldest actor stutter—
See the powdered flunkeys flatten on the wall—
While the gallery first-nighters
Feel that everything's as right as
Right could be to get a sight, as
Justice Darling condescends to take a stall.

Hear the hearty roar of laughter!
(It would seem that every rafter
Must give way completely after!)—
See the litigants' delighted becks and nods!
While his Lordship's bland expression
Is an eloquent confession
That the merriment's a cession
To the Darling of the Bench and of the Gods!

"A cadging calamity confronted me," says a writer in the *Sydney Bulletin*. "The basement of his visage was upholstered by a disorderly bunch of capillary growth, and the organ upon which purblind persons balance optician's glazed goods displayed a decorative scheme only acquired by long residence in the vineyard." Otherwise we understand he was just good-looking.

* * *

Hundreds surrounded the great oil magnate as he left the Customs' building, crying "Bravo, John D.! Give 'em hell!" The old man looked immensely gratified. On the following day he remarked that the cross-examining counsel's mind was much brighter than his.

* * *

"We are now in the hurry age," says Mr. Bart Kennedy. Now, is this said in extenuation, or vulgar pride?

* * *

The Earl of Warwick complains that he was ordered off his own lawn by Mr. L. N. Parker. The Warwicks never did get on with rival Kingmakers.

* * *

The Shah promises that for the future he will "dispense universal justice!" Persian women will presumably be given votes and the tradespeople paid.

* * *

King Alfonso is to have a yacht built on Spanish soil by picked British artisans. The collapse of the Armada has apparently not yet been forgotten.

* * *

A Pekin newspaper has been suppressed and two others fined for publishing details regarding the deaths of the Emperor and Dowager Empress. Now, if only we could get one or two of our own papers suppressed for advertising murderers and their victims, what a very much more pleasant land this would be.

* * *

Now that we know, thanks to Lord Roberts, that the dear Fritz's are going to rise up against us, shall we tip them?

WILHELM REFORMING HIMSELF

The New Comedy at Potsdam

[The announcement that the Kaiser approves Prince Buelow's speech in the Reichstag is said to mean that his Imperial Majesty endorses his Chancellor's "conviction" that Wilhelm II. "will in future impose upon himself the reserve which is essential to a uniformity of policy and to the maintenance of the authority of the Crown." We give the following forecast of excerpts from the German Court Circulars for December.]

DEC. 1.—H.I.M. opened the new Berlin waterworks. In place of the usual extempore speech, his Majesty contented himself with turning on the taps and paternally patting the heads of the foreman's children. On a secret sign from Prince Buelow, he acknowledged the applause by saying, clearly and distinctly, "I thank you very much."

DEC. 4.—H.I.M. received a deputation of the Royal Institute of Public Decorum. His Majesty graciously refused point blank to be a Honorary Fellow.

DEC. 6.—Herr Kraaf and Herr Konrath had the honour of being thrown out, on presenting themselves for the purpose of taking the usual monthly photograph of his Imperial Majesty.

DEC. 10.—H.I.M. refused an audience to Mr. William Le Queux!

DEC. 13.—The officers of H.I.M.'s favourite regiment were entertained to dinner at the palace. For a toast, the Kaiser raised his glass, and, with great reserve, merely said: "Chin-chin." Much later, he alluded to "constitutional restrictions"—a monosyllable which was keenly appreciated.

DEC. 16.—Señor Jose Sagrada had the honour of submitting some of his paintings for the inspection of his Imperial Majesty. The Emperor astounded the artist by making no suggestions whatsoever in regard to their shortcomings or possible improvement.

DEC. 18.—The news of the overthrow of the Bulgarian Army was received by H.I.M. with stoic calm. He contented himself with sending a congratulatory telegram to the wife of a former equerry who has just presented her husband with a son and heir.

DEC. 21.—The Busseldorf Glee and Madrigal Society had the honour of singing before H.I.M. last night. The Emperor heroically refrained from usurping the conductor's *bâton*.

DEC. 23.—The Imperial coverts were shot to-day. The Emperor did not wear a Tyrolese hat.

DEC. 26.—H.I.M. entertained Herr Harden to lunch, and afterwards kindly introduced him to Count Zeppelin. Herr Harden courteously declined H.I.M.'s suggestion that he should take a trip in the Count's new experimental aeroplane.

DEC. 28.—His Imperial Majesty slept all day.

DEC. 31.—H.I.M. attended a review, at which the British Military Attaché presented him with a beautifully bound copy of the British Army List, a very bulky publication. The Emperor jocularly remarked that he had heard the British Army went a d——d long way, but he thought the British Army List went a d——d sight farther. The Chancellor was not present, and may resign.

Where Motorists Most do Congregate: The Grand Palais, where the Paris Motor Show is now being held

The Olympia Show being over, the centre of interest in the motoring world is transferred to Paris, where the great Automobile Show, opened last Friday, is in full swing. This year's exhibition is divided into two parts, the show during the first two weeks of this month being devoted to pleasure and touring cars, while on December 24 President Fallières will inaugurate a second exhibition of commercial vehicles, motor boats, and also flying machines

As It Seemeth Unto Us

A FANCIFUL IMPRESSION AFTER A MOTORING TRIP ON THE PORTSMOUTH ROAD

BY S. BAGHOT DE LA BERE

The "White Canons" at Home

AN INTERESTING ORDER WHICH WAS EXILED FROM FRANCE, AND IS NOW HOUSED IN SUSSEX

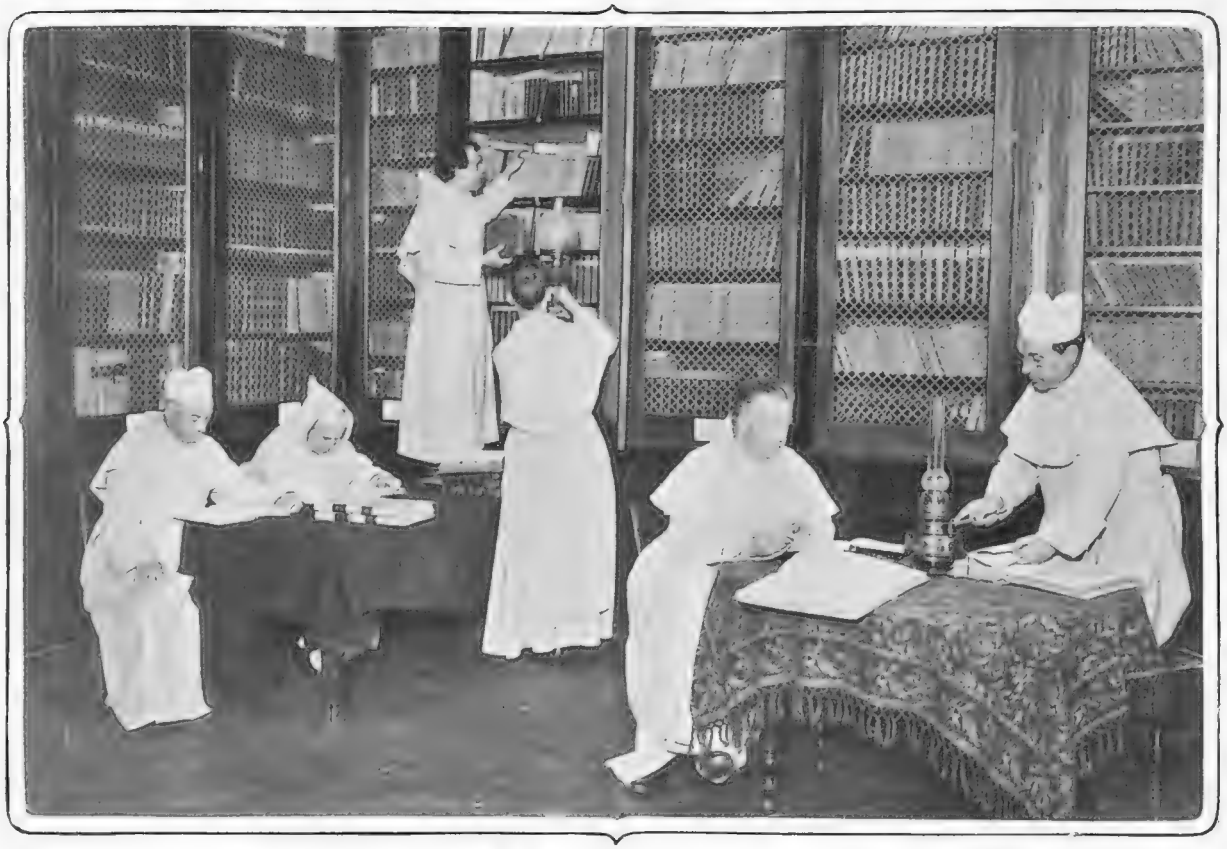
A Brother Feeding the Rabbits at the Priory of Our Lady of England, Storrington, Sussex

Among the many agreeable things the French have done for us of late years, with or without intention, is to send to us a number of the religious Orders which once formed so important a branch of their community. All parts of England are now dotted with religious houses exiled from their ancient seats. So far, this monkish life here appears to be highly uneventful, and even with the more secular branches of such Orders the members have taken little part in our social life. To many minds monks are relics of past ages. In reality, however, they are to-day often quite up to date, in spite of the antiquity of their rule of life, as the bicycle in one of our photographs shows.

The Priory of Our Lady of England, Storrington, Sussex, belongs to the Order of Premonstratensians, or the Order of St. Norbert, called the "White Canons" because their habit is white. The Order was founded by St. Norbert, Bishop of Magdeburg, in 1119. At the Dissolution it had about forty priories in England. It was re-introduced in 1872, since which time several houses have been founded, including that at Storrington, the inmates of which are chiefly exiles from France.

One might almost call the religious Orders religious clubs. As a literary man would join a literary club, and a military man a military club, so would a man who felt called to the religious life select the Order to which he was most suited. The contemplative man would choose the Carthusians, the missioner or preacher the Franciscans or Dominicans, the bookworm the Benedictines, and the man inclined to scholastic work the Jesuits.

Life in a monastery, to those endowed with the true spirit, is far from being monotonous, in spite of its great regularity. After hearing Mass and having a very meagre breakfast, each man goes to his post, the clerics to study or to works of charity, the brothers to their manual labour in kitchen, garden, and workshop. There is recreation twice a day. Then an old and learned father will join in a somewhat boisterous game with the lay brothers in the cloister or recreation room, for even monks are as frisky, in their leisure hours, as the layest among laymen.



Photos] **In the Library: Literary Brothers among the Books in the Priory of Our Lady of England, Storrington, Sussex** [*L.N.A.*

Among the monks expelled from France during the recent clerical changes were those belonging to the Order of St. Norbert, the "White Canons," as they are called because they wear a white habit. They are settled at the Priory of Our Lady of England, at Storrington, Sussex, where the even tenor of their monastic life is undisturbed

A Refuge in the Land of Tolerance

EXILED FRENCH MONKS FIND AN ENGLISH RETREAT

Gardening, and Picking White Chrysanthemums for the Altar of the Priory of Our Lady, Storrington, Sussex

Gardening is an important part of the duties of the brothers of the Sussex Priory of Our Lady, now occupied chiefly by monks of the Order of St. Norbert, who have been exiled from France

Photos *L.N.A.*

A Modern Note: A Lay Brother with his Bicycle receiving the Prior's Blessing before his Departure on a Mission of Charity

Monks are by no means the mediæval people some imagine. In many ways they are quite up-to-date, and have even taken to the bicycle very kindly

THE OC

CTOPUS

BY FRANK LEIST

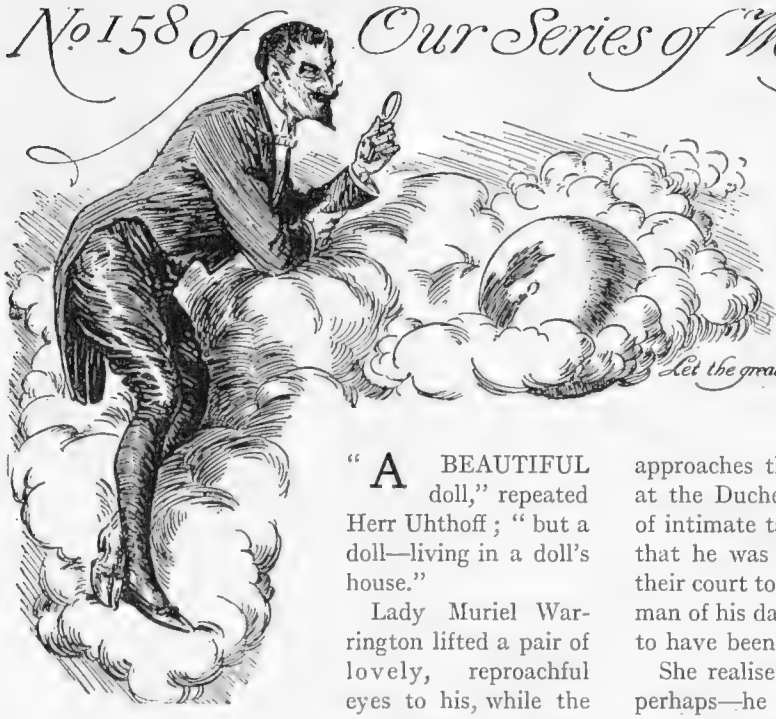
A Lion Comique of the Hour

MR. GEORGE ROBEY AS "THE LION-TAMER"

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

"It's all done by kindness," is the watchword of Mr. Lion-tamer Robey, whose magnificent exploits, not excepting his futile attempts to crack his tamer's whip, evoke the utmost—and side-splitting—enthusiasm wherever he appears. After a season at the Pavilion and the Tivoli, he was last week at Glasgow, but for a time, at least, we shall have to allow the Lion-tamer to disappear so that he may have a reincarnation as the Old Woman in "Cinderella" at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow. By the way, he has just perpetrated his autobiography entitled "My Life Up to Now"

No. 158 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories



An Essay in Diplomacy

A STORY OF YESTERDAY

By BEATRICE HERON-MAXWELL

Let the great book of the world be your principal study—Chesterfield

"A BEAUTIFUL doll," repeated Herr Uhthoff; "but a doll—living in a doll's house."

Lady Muriel Warrington lifted a pair of lovely, reproachful eyes to his, while the smile faded from her lips and left her very grave.

"You have no right to make me discontented with my Garden of Eden," she said. "I have all the fruits and flowers that any woman could desire; why should you urge me to gather from the tree of knowledge?"

Franz Uhthoff bent a little nearer to her. His blue eyes kindled and he was conscious of a feeling of elation, for he recognised that his bait of temptation was being nibbled at; and he was a fisher of men—and women.

"Because you are a modern Eve," he answered; "a woman with awakened intelligence and a soul. You have made a great marriage—your husband is one of the Powers-that-Be who rule the destinies of nations; yet it is no marriage of the heart—merely a *liaison* sanctioned by the Law and the Church—for your mental lives are far apart."

"My husband wishes it to be so," Lady Muriel urged; "not because he loves me too little, as you imply, but because he likes his home to be a sanctuary into which affairs of State may not penetrate. If he confided in me, it would keep his thoughts all in one groove. He prefers to forget that he is a statesman, and remember only that he is——"

"A lover," finished Herr Uhthoff; "quite so. Mr. Warrington returns from his work to his play, and then returns with greater zest to his work again. Which is the nearer to his heart, think you? Which has the larger balance of his thoughts?"

Lady Muriel put up a white-gloved hand to hide a little tremor of her mouth. She was in love with her husband still, though they were no longer bride and bridegroom, and the thoughts that this German was presenting to her were disquieting.

Although her friendship with Herr Uhthoff—an unofficial diplomat, supposed to be taking a rest-cure in England—was quite a recent one, it had made rapid strides during the last week. While he still clothed his speech to her in formal words and retained a discreet manner, he managed to convey, nevertheless, a hint of passionate admiration and absorbing interest in her.

So careful and tactful, in fact, had been his approaches that until this evening, when a reception at the Duchess of Clyde's gave them an opportunity of intimate talk *tête-à-tête*, it had never occurred to her that he was different from a hundred others who paid their court to the attractive wife of the most prominent man of his day. But now an intangible barrier seemed to have been suddenly overstepped.

She realised that in some fashion—a Teutonic one, perhaps—he was making love to her, and trying to create a sense of dissatisfaction with her present existence; and, to her own surprise, she did not resent it.

"I am very happy," she stammered; "at least, my husband's heart is shared by no other woman."

The German made a vague sound of dissent. "It is a poor consolation," he said. "You might lose less of it if there was only a woman to be reckoned with. But a man's career—his ambition—that is a dangerous rival. And you should have no rival at all. You should share your husband's most private thoughts and hopes and fears; he should turn to you for the inspiration, the intuition, that are your woman's heritage. His work would benefit by it, and instead of loving you less he would adore you more. At least, that is what I should do if you were my wife."

Lady Muriel flushed and turned away. There was too much ardour, too little restraint in this foreigner, whose first cold formalities had deceived her into permitting him a freedom of speech that she had denied to many others.

She rose to leave him, murmuring that she must look for her husband, who was to have followed her to the reception by this time.

But Franz Uhthoff had not graduated in the school of diplomacy for nothing. He knew when to retreat, when to remain quiescent, when to advance; and his moment had come.

"To me," he broke out vehemently, "who realise all that you are and could be, it is maddening to see you in this position. If I were your husband, I would tell you without fear the innermost secrets of my heart, even though they concerned affairs of State. To withhold such confidence would seem to me a slight and an insult, a token that I thought you unworthy of being anything but a pastime for my leisure."

He would have gone on, but she interrupted him. "I cannot let you criticise my husband," she said. "You are doing him a great injustice. He would tell me anything in the world if I wished it—if I asked him."

Herr Uhthoff bent and looked into her eyes. "Try him!" he said, with trenchant emphasis. Then he

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

offered his arm to lead her back to the picture gallery, where the crowd was congregating.

And as she placed her fingers on it, he laid his on them, for a brief instant.

"I suffer," he said. "I am bound to suffer, now that I have met you—but at least my suffering will be less if I think that you are content and—appreciated."

Lady Warrington gave him no answer, and when they parted she said good-bye with as indifferent an air as though his words had not stirred a tumult in her mind.

From anyone else such words would have meant a complete dismissal from her list of friends; but this man had a magnetic attraction for her, and she could not find it in her heart to be angry with him.

Instead, she surprised in herself a desire to prove him wrong, to go to him one day and set herself on a higher pinnacle in his eyes, saying, "My husband has given me vital assurance that he trusts me, and that I hold the first place in his life." Until then she decided that she would hold aloof from this impressionable foreigner.

But the German was placidly triumphant, for he knew that he had carried through a plan successfully in two ways, where he had only hoped to do so in one.

As Lady Muriel and her husband drove home together, Charles Warrington laid his hand caressingly on her knee, and said, "Well, little girl, have you enjoyed yourself?" Hitherto his wife would have greeted his touch with her own, but now she answered, in a chilly voice: "I don't feel a little girl at all. I seem to have grown-up to-night—suddenly."

He smiled with indulgent fondness. "Child," he said, "don't grow too quickly, or we shall have your wings sprouting, and you will fly away." And he bent to kiss her.

But she drew back—for the first time—from his lips, and looked out of the window in silence.

Warrington was surprised. "Muriel!" he exclaimed, and tried to see her face.

Then she turned and said passionately, "You are not fair to me, Carlo. Some of the other women there to-night were talking politics, and they seemed to know all the ins and outs of this Molgravian affair, and exactly what their husbands would do or would not do. They turned to me several times as though I must know better than they did what was likely to happen. And I knew nothing—absolutely nothing! I felt a fool—a baby! I believe they thought so too."

There were tears in her eyes, and in her voice, the first tears of their married life. Warrington realised that this upheaval, slight, perhaps, in itself, might mean a far-reaching alteration. And Lady Muriel was the only woman who had ever come closely into his existence.

"We are nearly home," he said, in a level voice. "You shall tell me all about it presently."

She made no answer.

More words of reproach were clamouring at her lips, and her mind was occupying itself entirely with her own sensations; she was not even considering how he might take it, for in the background of her thoughts she knew that she could count on his forbearance.

He went to his study, as usual, when they reached home, and she, straight to her room, where, after her maid had taken off her jewels and satins and robed her in a soft silk kimono, she dismissed her, and waited for her husband.

He came much sooner than usual, and, walking up to her, took her straightway in his arms.

"Now," he said, holding her closely, though, with both hands against his shoulders, she tried to keep him away, "what is the indictment?"

"You treat me like a doll," she said; "you make a plaything of me. I have brains, surely—yet you never talk to me of your work, your real interests in life. I have often felt that you kept me out in the cold, but never so much until this moment. I realised it fully to-night."

His eyes searched her face.

"Someone has spoken to you about it," he said, not as a question but as a statement.

She released herself determinedly.

"You think me incapable of coming to any conclusion by myself, evidently," she said; "you are proving just what I say."

Her husband let that side-issue drop.

"I have thought of you," he said, with studied quietness, "as the brightest and best part of myself—the part I wished to keep free from all vexing and even work-a-day thoughts. To come to you has been my holiday—it has meant rest, recreation, peace, and something more than all these, Muriel. They say every man has a little secret heaven and hell in this life, of his own making. You have been my heaven."

His very quietness carried conviction with it. The petulance went out of his wife's face, the accusations began to fade a little in her mind.

"I can go to others," he went on, "for advice, for argument, for discussion. You are the only one to whom I look for happiness, pure and unalloyed."

She was still silent, and he stretched out his hands to her.

But as the impulse came to yield to his embrace there recurred with it the remembrance of a pair of cynical blue eyes that mocked her, while a confident voice said: "Try him!" And she hardened her heart.

"I want to be something more than your wife," she began.

"Impossible!" he interjected.

"Your helpmate," she concluded.

"You are everything to me," he answered.

"Then," she said, drawing nearer to him, "tell me all about whatever is your most absorbing work just now. Trust me—show me that you think me intelligent and capable of keeping your confidence. Prove that I am everything."

She put her hands up to his neck, and, wooing him with earnest, dewy eyes and tremulous lips, repeated: "Trust me, Carlo. I ask you for bread—and you offer me a stone."

He took her hands and clasped them round his neck.

"Bread is poor fare for such as you, my sweet," he answered, smiling again. "Precious stones seem to me a far more worthy offering."

But his return to a lighter manner angered her. He saw the reflection of it in her gaze, and hastened to make amends.

"You shall have anything you ask for," he added. "What is it to be?"

"Your most difficult problem," she answered. "The chief thing that is occupying your mind at this moment. Molgravia, for instance—what course are you going to take?"

(Continued on page 448)

"Lady Sybil" at Home

Photo *Rita Martin*

MISS MURIEL BEAUMONT (MRS. GERALD DU MAURIER) AND HER TWO LITTLE GIRLS, ANGELA AND DAPHNE

Miss Muriel Beaumont has been appearing with great success as Lady Sybil Annesley in "The Early Worm," the run of which has just terminated to make room for the new piece, "Sir Anthony," to be produced shortly at Wyndham's. The rôle of Lady Sybil gave more scope for Miss Beaumont's talent for comedy acting than parts in which she has hitherto appeared

(*Continued from page 446*)

"My own," he said, "it is a big question for this time of night."

"But you have decided something," she persisted. "You must have. Everyone was saying so this evening."

"You would not understand," he began, but she cut him short.

Laying her hand over his lips, she said: "You shall not kiss me again—not even once—until you tell me. If I don't understand, that is my fault."

Warrington was neither weak nor unduly sentimental, but, like Merlin, the enchanter, he was weary of wisdom for the moment, and overborne by importunity where he had looked only for allurement.

So he crystallised the resolve that had been forming itself in his mind, and said: "I am going to support the Ottoman rule, and refuse to countenance this annexation of Molgravia. It will mean. of course, a bother with Germany, but that will straighten itself out. Now are you any the wiser?"

Muriel gave a little sigh of happiness.

"You do care for me, after all," she said, and lifted her face to his.

. . . . . .

It was on the following evening, at a dinner at the Savoy to which Lady Muriel had gone without her husband, that she and Herr Uhthoff met and were placed near each other.

She was sparkling with animation, proud of her conquest of her husband, and in a more daring mood than had ever come to her.

Herr Uhthoff guessed his words had been the cause of the marked effect, and he bided his time to make sure, talking all the while at dinner of social or intellectual topics, without touching on anything personal.

But afterwards, when Lady Muriel was taking her departure, to go on to a bridge gathering, he said, in a low voice: "I am due at Lady Burlie's card-party also. Will you give me a lift?"

She assented, and they went out together to her carriage.

"Now," he said, as soon as they started, "you have something to tell me, I think. The experiment—how did it work?"

She affected to misunderstand him, but he would not fence with her.

"Has your husband stood the supreme test?" he asked. "Has he told you, for instance, what course he is going to adopt over our present little European trouble?"

There was an indefinite touch of insolence in his tone, a hint of ironical doubt that annoyed her.

"Yes," she answered briefly.

There was a pause.

Then Herr Uhthoff said compassionately: "Poor little lady! What chance have you against a finished statesman like Mr. Warrington? I cede my point. He has managed to conciliate you. He is to be excused—and congratulated!"

Lady Muriel flashed an angry glance at him. "You are a man of honour, I suppose," she said; "you would consider any confidence I gave you as sacred, Herr Uhthoff?"

"So sacred," he said, in an impassioned voice, "that I would give you mine in return. I would tell you something that I fancy your husband would give much to know. Lady Muriel, he is not the only man you can turn round your little finger."

"Well," she said, her eyes sparkling, her face dimpling with smiles, "he told me the exact policy he is going to pursue. He intends to uphold the Ottoman Empire and support Molgravia. Your country will object—but that can't he helped."

Herr Uhthoff ventured to take her hand in his for a brief space of time.

"Dear lady," he said, "you have raised me to the seventh heaven of happiness. First, because I see that you are really going to share your husband's life, and though it makes a strong barrier between you and me, yet I am glad—because my devotion to you is unselfish. Next, because you trust me. Thirdly, because you have given me such a splendid proof of your friendship."

Lady Muriel withdrew her hand—gently. This German's method certainly had a sympathetic quality, and his audacity was of the kind that had to be crushed, or forgiven. There were no half-measures possible with him.

"Now," she said, "you must keep your promise to me."

"Of course," he answered; "then you will be as a God knowing good and evil. Your husband's policy happens to be a mistaken one. We are not going to support Molgravia—therefore when Turkey appeals, it will be a case of trouble between Germany and England. But if England were wise she would make a little compact with Germany; she would say, 'You want this small prize, Molgravia? Take it, with our blessing. Now what civility will you show to us?' and Germany would answer, 'There has been a competition between us of late which has rather worried you, I think. I yield you the top place in the Navy line. I won't bother about building any more ships.' So, you see, both would get what each happened to want, and it would be a master-stroke of statesmanship on your husband's part."

"How is it he does not know this?" she asked.

Herr Uhthoff smiled.

"If the players at bridge to-night all knew each others' cards, the game would cease to be interesting. It would become too easy. Your husband will learn our move too late to retreat—with honour! You hold your husband's success, as well as his honour, in these little fingers, Lady Muriel."

He took one hand resolutely, and carried it to his lips.

"You and I must never meet again," he said; "your influence over me would grow too strong and my career would suffer."

"You have a career?" she asked. "I understood you had retired from the field of action."

"*On se recule pour mieux sauter*," he answered. "My present mission is to lie low."

They had arrived at Lady Burlie's, and the footman was opening the door.

Herr Uhthoff sprang out, and together they went up the steps. In the hall they parted, and Lady Muriel looked for him in vain afterwards.

He was not playing at any of the tables near her own, and after a time. when a late-comer appeared, there was a mention of his having seen Herr Uhthoff at the St. James's Club, and someone else, commenting on the high play there, remarked that the German always played for the largest stakes—and won.

(*Continued on page 450*)

The Same Ways the World Over

Photo Graphic Photo Union

DUSKY. MARY ANN ATTENDS TO THE WANTS OF MR. SAMBO ATKINS

(Continued from page 445)

"Carlo," said Lady Muriel, when she found her husband in his study on her return, "I have learnt something to-night which you ought to know. I gave no promise not to tell—still, it was an understood secret."

"Then keep it!" Warrington answered. "There is no need for you to be a political agent, little one. You can afford to be honest and straight."

"But I don't want to be," she declared. "I am longing to tell you, Carlo."

"I would rather not hear," he answered again. This decided it.

"If Germany adopted the same policy as you," she said, "where would you be?"

"If Germany supports Turkey," he answered, "I shall know what price is being paid for it. The pass-key to Persia."

"Well?" she questioned.

"Well," he replied, "there is a line of demarcation in Persia which both Russia and Turkey have agreed not to overstep. Germany has agreed to nothing, and, once in Persia, with a free hand, what is to prevent her building a bridge over the Bosphorus and pouring in troops?"

Lady Muriel looked troubled. There were deep waters in which she found herself wading, and she had only meant to paddle close to shore.

"But supposing," she continued, "that Germany would make concessions about the Navy in return for having her own way about Molgravia?"

Warrington shook his head. "The bribe is not high enough," he said. "Germany wouldn't mind about her Navy if she had the other thing. And she won't get the pass-key if we back-up the old traditions in Turkey. But," he added, "my little wife is getting very wise and far-seeing."

She made no reply, and he lost himself in a reverie for some moments. Then an illuminating light came; he smiled, rose and kissed her.

"I see," he said, "but I shall stick to my policy. By the way, I want to give a big dinner the week after next. Make a list, will you, darling, or get Cartwright to, and include Uhthoff in it?"

Lady Muriel blushed a vivid rose-red.

"Why do you want him asked?" she said. "I don't think I quite—care about him, Carlo."

"You needn't talk to him unless you want to," Warrington answered carelessly. "I should like to show him some civility before he goes back."

"But if it's an important dinner——" she began.

Her husband interrupted. "Uhthoff is an important man," he remarked. "He is one of the men who count. And he has helped me considerably—though he doesn't know it. I am grateful to him."

Lady Muriel held her peace. She began to think there were more ins and outs in diplomacy than she quite understood.

And on the night of the dinner she was to learn this lesson by heart.

She had no opportunity of talking to Herr Uhthoff until, with the departure of some of the guests, he came to take his leave of her.

"You are a wonderful woman!" he said, and though the words were complimentary, his tone and glance were both angry. "You allowed your husband to keep to his first policy although you had it in your power to guide him to a different one."

"But," she returned, "his course has been most successful. It has brought about a happy termination—has it not?"

"You make me feel very clumsy," he said. "I was evidently more transparent than I tried to be. Still, you have taught me something new—that a woman is capable of keeping an unspoken promise. I admire you, but—at a respectful distance. My other feeling for you has gone; you represent clever statesmanship to me now, instead of feminine charm."

His blue eyes were no longer magnetic or adoring. They swept over her with a glance like summer-lightning, and his farewell hand-clasp was brief and cool.

Lady Muriel was conscious of acute disappointment and humiliation. She realised that this man had been merely playing a game with her, as an insignificant pawn wherewith to check a king, and that her chance victory was undeserved on her part. It was her husband who had played the winning move and called "Checkmate!" She made her amends to him that night very humbly and sweetly.

"Carlo," she said, with her head on his shoulder, "I have made a fool of myself, and I can't tell you how—you must guess. I am dreadfully ashamed."

He laughed. "It is not so bad as that," he said.

"Well, how bad is it?" she asked. "Tell me."

"Your vanity—perfectly natural and harmless—was played on," he said, "and whatever you did or said was in all loyalty to me, I'm certain. You inadvertently gave me the key to a closed door when you insisted on letting out Uhthoff's confidence to you. I guessed that he had counted on your giving him away, and that he wanted me to change my decision. So I foiled him doubly—by keeping to the same course, and thereby leading him to believe you had not told me. He has gone back a little discomfited, I think. His mission has been a failure."

"You knew all this, and you never said a word?" exclaimed Lady Muriel. "Carlo, how clever you are! Only you will never trust me again."

"I will trust you always," he answered devoutly; "but let us leave politics alone as much as possible. I don't want an agent. I want my little wife."

And Lady Muriel realised that there can be a good deal of happiness for a woman apart from the regulation of European squabbles, and that politics and love-affairs do not go well hand in hand.

She had very nearly allowed herself to believe that Herr Uhthoff had succumbed to a hopeless passion for her, and that she needed his sympathy in the uncongenial atmosphere of her "doll's house," as he had contemptuously called it.

Whereas she had been merely a means to an end, and it was only by her husband's clearness of vision that she had unconsciously foiled the German on both counts.

"Carlo," she whispered, "let us go back to where we were before. I'm not discontented any longer."

And Herr Uhthoff, travelling back to Berlin, was saying to himself, "These Englishwomen are so passionless. If she had loved either her husband or me, she would have told him what I said."

BEATRICE HERON-MAXWELL.

TURF AND HUNTING TOPICS

PERSONALITIES OF THE RACING YEAR—SOME WINNING OWNERS AND JOCKEYS—SPORT ON TYNESIDE

The Chief Feature of the Year

Future historians of the Turf will often refer to 1908 as an *annus mirabilis*, not because it has produced any wonderful horses, but mainly because the year witnessed the amazing performance of a filly who never before or since displayed a vestige of the marvellous form which enabled her to make an immortal name in racing annals. I can well imagine students of Turf lore two or three generations ahead examining the records of 1908, and trying to reconcile the great victories of Signorinetta at Epsom with her series of defeats at Newmarket, Newbury, and Doncaster. It will be a rare puzzle for them; it even baffles those of us who have carefully watched the filly's progress. So we can rest assured that her career will often be curiously discussed by racegoers of a later age. Some people have said that Signorinetta won the Derby and Oaks simply because she was better trained than the horses defeated in those races. But isn't that rather harsh upon all the other trainers? Surely Chevalier Ginistrelli, worthy man though he be, does not know more about preparing an animal for the Derby than the professional men whose bread and butter it is to bring their horses to the start in first-rate condition?

Photos *Muggeridge*

D. Maher (America) — First on the List

F. Wootton (Australia) — Second

W. Higgs (England) — Third

THE THREE LEADING JOCKEYS OF THE YEAR

Maher finished first, though it is certain that Wootton (who is not yet fifteen) would have beaten him had he not been suspended from riding for a month

A Curious Coincidence

It is a remarkable coincidence that two of the most sensational racers of our time have been trained by amateurs—Signorinetta by her Italian owner and Sceptre by Mr. R. S. Sievier. For the rest, the season of 1908 has been one long sequence of surprises. True, Your Majesty won the St. Leger, as most of us expected he would do; but nobody imagined Norman III. capable of taking the Two Thousand, and the success of Rhodora in the fillies' race two days later was another turn-up. To look back through the results of the big handicaps of the season is an extraordinarily melancholy task, and I will not harrow the feelings of the racing reader by recalling such painful results. Enough to know that the ring has had the better of it nearly every time. And yet you hear the bookmakers complain that "things are not what they were!"

His Majesty's Luck

The King has not done so well as was anticipated this season. Great things were expected of Perrier in the spring, yet this gay deceiver has only won one comparatively small stake. His Majesty, too, was hopeful that he would do well with the half-dozen two-year-olds leased from Mr. Hall Walker. They have done little so far. Fortunately, a filly of the King's own breeding proved one of the best youngsters of the season. This was Princesse de Galles, who may not be the great champion which some excited individuals at one time believed her to be (anything belonging to the King is always the subject of so much silly sycophancy), but she can be counted upon to win some good races in 1909. Possibly the Oaks will not be beyond her reach, though it is much too early yet to count upon her classic prospects. The end of the season marks the close of his Majesty's association with the famous Egerton House. Next year Richard Marsh begins a new chapter, which, we hope, will be even more prosperous than the one now closing.

Leading Owners—All City Men

For Mr. J. B. Joel the year has been a memorable one. On and off the racecourse he has been much in the public eye. He missed a great *coup* in the Cesarewitch with Pure Gem, but with that exception his horses have done remarkably well, and the victories of Your Majesty, Dean Swift, and other cracks have gone to make up the splendid total of over £26,000 for the season. A profitable thing to own racehorses under these conditions; but only the very few can

Six Winning Owners of 1908

Mr. J. B. Joel

Who, with Your Majesty, Dean Swift, and other horses, won over £26,000 during the season

Photos

Lady de Bathe (Mrs. Langtry)

Whose successful season culminated in the victory of Yentoi in the Cesarewitch

Lafayette

Lord Durham

A steward of the Jockey Club, who leased many of the late Lord Derby's horses, and has won thirty-two races

make a profit out of stake winnings alone. To the uninitiated the expenses of running a big stable of thoroughbreds would be staggering. Next to Mr. Joel on the list of winning owners is another gentleman whose name is well-known in the City, Mr. Ludwig Neumann, a member of the notable firm of L. Hirsch and Co. Indeed, the world of Finance has had a splendid time on the Turf this season, as third on the list comes Messrs. William Clark and Lionel Robinson, leading men in the Australian market. Mr. Neumann owes his prominent place mainly to Siberia, while Messrs. Robinson and Clark's winnings have accumulated as the result of a number of comparatively small stakes.

Winnings of the Walker Family

Mr. Hall Walker is never very far from the front, and this year White Eagle, Polar Star (sold for 18,000 guineas), and others have given him seventh place, placing him just behind Mr. "Fairie" Cox, the owner of the slashing Bayardo, and Chevalier Ginistrelli. The Walker family, as a matter of fact, has three of its members high on the list. Mr. Reid Walker has done well with Queen's Advocate and Duke Michael, while Mr. Barclay Walker has had the satisfaction of seeing Llangwm put up some of the grandest performances of the year. Sir Daniel Cooper had good winners in Vivid, Lesbia, and Bonny Bay, Lord Carnarvon had a marvellous time in the nursery races, and Lady de Bathe had a first-rate season, the success of Yentoi in the Cesarewitch being the crowning triumph.

Successful Jockeys

Among the jockeys, Wootton has been the star. Maher has the better average, but the former's extreme youth—he is not yet fifteen—makes his horsemanship truly wonderful. Good boys have been seen on the Turf before now, only to shine brilliantly for a time and then quietly disappear from prominence like stars at the breaking dawn; but Wootton seems to have firmly established his reputation, and nothing is likely to mar his future save increasing weight. Of course, we must not allow the Wootton furore to blind us to Maher's fine achievements; the beautiful artistry of the American rider will always command admiration. Higgs has not done quite so well as usual, but Madden has ridden with much greater confidence than in 1907, and is a good fourth on the list.

Selections for Kempton Park

Regarding the prospects of this week's steeplechasing, I am rather handicapped by having to write this article several days before the date of publication. There should be good sport at Kempton Park on Friday and Saturday, where **True as Steel** may win the Kempton Hurdle Handicap and **Red Cloth** the Middlesex Steeplechase.

CARBINE.

Photos

Lord Carnarvon

Who has had a successful year in the "nursery" races, having won over £10,000

Topical Agency

Sir Daniel Cooper

Whose Vivid, Lesbia, and Bonny Bay won £7,800 during the season

Photo *Sport and General*

Chevalier Ginistrelli

The lucky owner and trainer of Signorinetta, whose historic victories in the Derby and Oaks will long live in racing annals

Hunting on Tyneside

A Model Country Gentleman

The news that the Duke of Beaufort is now able to take riding exercise is most satisfactory, and there is a likelihood that the Master of the Badminton will be able to be in his accustomed place with the pack early in the New Year. None but a keen foxhunter can realise how irksome it must be to a sportsman like the Duke to be laid aside for so many weeks during the season. Despite his big weight, he is extraordinarily active and vigorous, and the way in which he gets to his hounds always compels admiration. Like his father before him, the Duke is a splendid figure in the world of sport. He may be fittingly described not only as a model M.F.H., but as a model country gentleman. He prefers to live at home among his own people practically all the year round, and who can estimate the value to the countryside of a great landlord keeping in such close touch with his tenantry and agricultural interests generally?

Photo *Walter Tate*

The "Father" and the New Huntsman of the Tynedale Hounds

On the right is Mr. John Ramsay, the oldest follower and "Father" of the Tynedale, with George Walters, the new huntsman of the pack, at a meet at Heddon-on-the-Wall, near Newcastle. The pack recently had a fine gallop of one hour and ten minutes, a point of eleven miles being made

A Notable Run with the Tynedale

Sport with hounds steadily improved during November, and taking into consideration the want of moisture which prevailed for the first week or two, I think we can reckon it to have been a successful opening month. Scenting conditions were strangely variable: one pack would run well, while its neighbours were being continually baffled on the same afternoon; but Masters and huntsmen are accustomed to curiosities of this kind. One of the finest runs of the month seems to have fallen to the Tynedale Hounds after their meet at Brunton. According to a local sportsman's account, this gallop lasted an hour and ten minutes, and a point of eleven miles was made, so it is evident that hounds did not lag on the way, and one can fully appreciate the fact that horses were pretty well used up at the end. The Tynedale have for long held the reputation of being one of the best packs in the North of England. Mr. J. C. Straker, Master since 1883, has certainly bred hounds which compare well with the great majority of packs. They have a new huntsman this season in George Walters, who came from the Cheshire, and it is a fine score for him to have been able thus early in his association with the Hunt to show a hunting run which will be talked of in Northumberland for many a day.

Photo *Newman*

Lord Rosebery's Two Sons in the Hunting Field: Lord Dalmeny (on the right) and the Hon. Neil Primrose with the Whaddon Chase

Lord Rosebery's Sons

Prominent followers of the Whaddon Chase and other packs are Lord Rosebery's sons, Lord Dalmeny and the Hon. Neil Primrose, whose future in public life will be followed with close interest by those whose admiration for the father survives any difference of opinion on political questions. To what may these young men not aspire? Lord Rosebery's predilection for the "lonely furrow" in modern politics may have rendered him less conspicuous lately in the public eye, yet in the heart of the nation is he not still one of the half-dozen most popular men of the time? But I fear it will never do to allow a topic of this kind to obtrude itself too seriously in an article dealing with hunting, and the train of thought brought into action by the photograph on this page of Lord Dalmeny and his brother is my only excuse for lapsing for a moment from the true line of sport. With their father the owner of three winners of the Derby and their mother a Rothschild, it is surely not surprising that these promising sons of a noble house are keen on sport. Everyone will be familiar with Lord Dalmeny's part in county cricket. On the Turf he has been equally prominent, and like his kinsman, Mr. "Jimmy" Rothschild, he is fond of a bold tilt at the ring. In point-to-point racing as well as with hounds he has shown that he wants a deal of beating across country. Mr. Neil Primrose is also a first-rate horseman, and played an excellent game at polo when at Oxford.

A. W. C.

Has He a Successor?

SOME SOUVENIRS OF PHIL MAY NOW AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES

THE draughtsman who made the light side of life his particular province, and appeared to handle all he touched with careless ease and grace, was in reality a most assiduous worker, who reformed the style of our black-and-white artists and created an epoch in illustrative art. One can hardly say that he has a successor, but he has been followed by a whole school of clever artists.

* * *

Humorist and Satirist

His powers as a technician and accomplished artist, great as they were, were far outdistanced by his wonderful qualities as a humorist and a loving, but satirical, commentator of the things of his day. Although the quantity of Phil May's work was enormous during the years he was spared to delight and brighten English life, no piece he produced could be said to be poor or bad. The vast demand for his work often led to the public seeing rough sketches and unfinished pictures, but nothing mean or feeble ever came from his inexhaustible store of wit and skill. His last work was his finest and most delicate.

The Confession!

This exquisite pencil drawing, in its delicacy of technique and point, is one of Phil May's smaller masterpieces, both of art and humour

* * *

The Irony of Popularity

Although it is only five years since this gifted draughtsman, delightful humorist, and kindly, lovable man, passed beyond these shadows, his art was so much of the period of its production, and so immensely popular and copied, that it already seems a little old-fashioned. That is an irony which befals the reformer and the man of his own time. At the Leicester Galleries just now more than 100 of Phil May's arresting drawings have been brought together, with the result that one meets with many old delightful friends, and makes some charming new acquaintances. The drawings which we reproduce have in them those qualities of the artist which will endure for all time. "A Confession," with its quaint suggestion of a Franz Hals cavalier, is of the greatest technical power. One remembers it on the menu cards of a rather lively restaurant in the old days. It was the sort of gay and skilful work that Phil May gave to his friends and the world with a lavish hand. It is perennially amusing and accomplished, as are the two other drawings, the "Rabelais" and "Down in the World."

* * *

Attic Salt

This last picture, indeed, has something of the curious love of irony which gave a touch of Attic salt to Phil May's humour, and differentiated his point of view from that of any other black-and-white artist of his time. It is a characteristic which many neglect who justly eulogise his art, but it can be proved by a hundred examples from his pen, of which a few may be found in the typical collection now on view. It was this breath of vision, embracing the tenderest and most absurd, the kindly and the bitter, which made Phil May as important a force in social life as in the history of black-and-white drawing.

EGAN MEW.

Down in the World: See to What Drink has Brought Him!

Rabelais!

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BOOKS OF THE WEEK

"The Book of Witches." By Oliver Madox Hueffer. (Eveleigh Nash: 10s. 6d. net.)

"The Heart of the Wild." By S. L. Bensusan. (John Milne: 6s.)

"Sister Ann." By Madame Albanesi. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)

Not Indispensable, but Interesting

The Book of Witches, by Oliver Madox Hueffer (Eveleigh Nash: 10*s.* 6*d.* net), is another of those charming incursions into serious matters by *dilettanti* which gives us a good deal of interesting information which we should do quite as well without, but which we are, nevertheless, glad to have. There have been other books dealing historically with witches, but none, I venture to say, giving so powerful and thoughtful an account of a fascinating subject. Mr. Hueffer almost reconciles us to the witch. He sets himself to prove her to be nothing more nor less than the logical development of domesticity. Primitive man relegated to his wife the care of everything domestic. It was her function to acquire all the needful natural knowledge, not only to cook, but also to cure. The woman was, in short, expected to be *wise*, as her husband was supposed to be strong. Men got, therefore, to go to women for wisdom, and, consequently, to credit them with power over the elements. Small wonder, therefore, that certain women should have claimed for themselves supernatural power. The witch is as naturally the development of womanhood as the general or statesman of manhood.

* * *

Witches of To-day

It is interesting to note from these pages the apparent prevalence of witchcraft at the present day. Mr. Hueffer does not hesitate to rank as witches pure and simple the clairvoyants, palmists, astrologers, and other Bond Street professionals whose placards are so prominently displayed. He also stigmatises as belonging to the realm of witchcraft the spiritualist, the theosophist, the Christian Scientist, the phrenologer, the hypnotist, and the psychic quack! These gentry are nothing more nor less than modern claimants to supernatural power, and had they existed in the healthy Middle Ages a good burning would have been their fate.

* * *

A Book of Nature Studies

Under the title, *The Heart of the Wild* (John Milne: 6*s.*), Mr. S. L. Bensusan gives us a series of charming essays which he describes as "nature studies from near and far" and addresses to Sir Robert Hay Drummond-Hay, C.M.G., etc., whose love of outdoor life and of wild sport is well known. Each essay has a characteristic full-page illustration of the creature whose "life story" is told, and among the life stories are those of the golden eagle, the badger, the camel, red grouse, roebuck, flamingo, fighting bull, cuckoo, seal, giraffe, white stork, wild boar, and so on. It is a delightful idea that Mr. Bensusan has had of writing this series of "nature vignettes," as one might almost term them, for in addition to affording light and pleasant reading they convey a great deal of interesting and accurate information about the creatures dealt with, their haunts, habits, and surroundings. Here are a few lines from the stirring description of a bull fight the author witnessed in Madrid:

> As the shout rolled through the arena, and Espartero walked slowly to the barrier, the setting sun made a final effort and flooded half the arena with yellow crocus-coloured light. The pigeons from the Giralda Tower swept right across the plaza, and from the sunny side rose a sudden shout of "Pardon! pardon!"
>
> It was caught up all over the arena as El Cuchillo, with a mighty effort, shook the sword out of his shoulder, and, with splendid valour, returned to the centre of the arena, unbeaten still, and ready for the next attack.

Mr. Bensusan is a keen observer of nature, also a sportsman, in the true meaning of that sometimes misapplied term, with the result that the kindly spirit of the unfanatical humanitarian tempers all his essays.

* * *

Novel, but Artificial

One merit at least has Madame Albanesi's story, *Sister Ann* (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*), and that is an original plot. Because the silly, frivolous younger sister of Ann Brookdale marries Sir Henry Garland, after indulging in a clandestine flirtation with Basil Barostan, who on the day of the wedding shoots himself, Basil's elder brother forces Ann into a marriage with him, so that he can "make her life a hell," or words to that effect, and thereby revenge himself on the family for the mischief that has been wrought. With this indication of the story's theme, the prospective reader can choose whether or not he will read it or leave it, according as he has a preference for the incongruous and artificial or not, but it must be confessed that its originality lures the reader on if he has the courage to make a start. This cannot be said of the style, and even though she errs in the good company of Dean Swift, it would be better were Mme. Albanesi to avoid the use of such phrases as "these kind of functions," etc.

* * *

A Case of Over-Production

Thirty-five novels in the space of fourteen years, not to mention the judging of several Limerick competitions, is a record any novelist might boast of. Whether he can be proud of it or not is another question, and I am afraid Mr. G. B. Burgin can hardly congratulate himself on his latest—and thirty-fifth—story, *Flowers of Fire* (Eveleigh Nash: 6*s.*). Certain passages of description, of the midnight stream of humanity flowing through Leicester Square, on the one hand, and the restful backwater from Life's stress in the surroundings of a country house, on the other, are noteworthy in their able penning, but they but serve to contrast the more strongly the deficiencies of the

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From one of the pages in Cecil Aldin's "Animals' School-Treat."

Some of the latest are Cecil Aldin's masterpiece, "The Animals' School-Treat" (6/-), with verses by Clifton Bingham; John Hassall's "Ding Dong Dell" (3/6), a lovely nursery rhyme book; "Buster Brown" (3/6); "Sunbonnet Babies," by Gladys Hall (2/6), one of the daintiest books yet produced—the great novelty in this book is that not a face can be seen, although some 64 little figures are depicted; "Ten Little Niggers," with music (2/-); "Wee Chicks' Alphabet" (1/-); "What's That?" an object book (1/-); "Home Pets" (6d.); "The Farm (6d.); "The Zoo" (6d.); &c., &c.

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story itself, which is unsatisfactory and intangible from beginning to end The plot, to use the author's own words, is of "an untamable man, who condescended to do the meanest thing on God's earth—to marry an old woman for her money, just because he wanted to shock the girl whom he had helped," and it is, perhaps, not altogether remarkable that Mr. Burgin has only succeeded in raising an unsatisfactory edifice on such unsatisfactory foundations.

* * *

"Forty Years of Music"

Most critics find themselves such as the result of chance in the first instance. Everyone possesses at the outset, in a colossal ignorance of any and every subject, an asset of criticism. But sooner or later the chance of exercising the critical instinct occurs, and he who is blessed (or cursed) with the divine (or diabolical) faculty forthwith finds himself at one step numbered with the mysterious brotherhood of whom it has been sometimes (quite unjustifiably) whispered that "they lead public opinion." It was by accident, Mr. Joseph Bennett tells us in his book, *Forty Years of Music*, 1865-1905, that he found himself, a young man, utterly unknown in the world of journalism, noticing his first concert for the *Sunday Times* in the early part of the year 1865. But from the following year, when, at the Norwich festival, J. W. Davison, the famous *Times* critic, saw him and introduced him to the conductor (Sir Julius Benedict) with the words, "Here's the *Sunday Times*; know each other," he lived and moved and had his being in that field where critics and criticised join eternal battle. Davison, Grüneison, Chorley, John Goss, S. S. Wesley, Sullivan, Patti, George Grove, Piccolomini, Hallé, Manns, what memories they have awakened in him who knew them all in the flesh, and what thoughts their names evoke in us of the younger generation who know them only in the influence which we trace on the music of our time!

* * *

Reminiscences of Past Musicians

There are some who prefer to know nothing of those whose efforts they spend their lives in criticising; the doyen of the *Daily Telegraph* was too genial by nature, and his work was marked by too great a sense of justice for him to remain in such anonymous obscurity. He made personal friends of nearly all of them, and if any were his enemies that was their fault and not his. It is no wonder that in forty years Mr. Bennett has collected a unique and well-nigh inexhaustible fund of stories of the great ones of this musical world. If you would learn how the cupidity of a cabman came near wrecking the friendship between Sullivan and Bennett, which had resulted in the "Golden Legend," or how Davison tracked down the Thames-side retreat of a certain famous singer of whom he was at that time enamoured, and was cast forth with ignominy by the gardener, who discovered him prowling in the grounds; if you would spend an hour over a hundred such entertaining ancedotes, open the book where you will. But do not look for a connected and serious history of the art of music during the period covered. This the author does not claim to give—his rigid resolve to exclude all mention of living personages is a necessary corollary to his plan. It has resulted in a book full from cover to cover of reminiscences which will be read with eager interest by the musical amateur.

The Lounge Luxurious: A New Comfort at the Hotel Métropole

The luxuriousness of the London hotel life grows apace, as one has only to compare the best hotels of to-day with the best of the past to see. An important feature in this modernity is the lounge, which is seen to perfection in the new one at the Hotel Métropole, Northumberland Avenue, where the Gordon Hotels, Limited, have just effected the improvement our photograph depicts. The new lounge, including certain adjuncts such as the music room, reading, and writing rooms, is 188 ft. long, and the lounge proper, which faces the Avenue at the widest part of the road, is 44 ft. wide. The Renaissance decorations, carried out by Messrs. Maple and Company, are a model of combined richness and restraint, making for and attaining real comfort. Extensive improvements have also been made throughout the hotel

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When hasty messengers arrived: the Spanish Fleet they saw!
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There's ample time to win this game, and then the fight to win!"

GAMES and PASTIMES

Whose Putt? Measuring the Distance from the Hole

Deliberations on the Amateur Championship

The meeting of the Amateur Championship delegates, which took place recently at Edinburgh, resulted in some important resolutions and recommendations. Under the heading of "resolutions" the delegates came to the decision that in future no one shall be eligible for entry to the Amateur Championship unless he has been handicapped at scratch at his club since January 1 preceding the tournament, and unless his entry has been made through his club secretary with the approval of the club committee or council. Whether this decision will have much effect in diminishing the entries remains to be seen. The relative values of scratch play vary so much at different clubs that the ruling may work unfairly in the case of a very strong club with a high standard of play.

An Unfair Standard

The player in such a club in receipt of one, two, or even three strokes may be quite as strong as, and possibly stronger than, the scratch player from Sludge-on-the-Mud. Yet the former will be debarred from entering while the latter will come in unquestioned. In addition to this drawback, there is the difficulty of the invidious position in which committees of clubs will be placed in deciding whether to approve or disapprove the entry of one of their members. It must not be forgotten that we are dealing with an event which by its title ought to be open to the amateur golfers of the whole world. To rule arbitrarily that certain players shall be debarred from entering is to change the nature of the event and to reduce it to a close competition. In view of these considerations and the unlikelihood of the new ruling effecting its evident object, I think it is a pity that it was passed.

Duncan at the 11th Tee

Mayo Driving

The Rota of Greens

However, the resolution of the delegates, if useless, is at least innocuous. Far otherwise is their recommendation that the existing rota of Championship greens shall be abolished, and that the delegates shall at each annual meeting during the Amateur Championship select a green on which the Amateur Championship shall be played two years afterwards. I can see nothing but mischief and trouble as the outcome of this proposal if it be adopted by the clubs governing the Amateur Championship, and I fervently trust that the clubs will reject the advice of their delegates and adhere to the existing rota, with the addition of another English green. The delegates have avoided facing the difficulty of selecting an additional English course, and have turned to a solution which at the first blush no doubt looked extremely promising, and which (what is far more to their immediate purpose) got them out of their difficulty.

Out of the Frying-Pan

But in shirking their own difficulty they have only thrown a much greater difficulty on to the shoulders of some future hapless sub-committee of delegates. Once the rota is abolished the whole question of Amateur Championship

THE WINNING PAIR IN THE FAMOUS DEAL FOURSOME

The foursome between Vardon and Ray and Duncan and Mayo, about which so much has been said, ended in a somewhat easy win by the last named pair at Deal, for Duncan and Mayo, by some brilliant strokes at the second, third, and fourth holes in the morning, established a lead which the others were never able to overtake

greens is thrown into the melting-pot, and a pretty cauldron of intrigue and agitation that melting-pot will prove to be. Each year there will be endless wire-pulling and underground work to ensure the selection of some particular green. We shall have no guarantee that certain greens which are now visited not less than once in five years will get a show once in ten or twenty years, or ever. The argument that the ladies have successfully followed this plan is no argument at all. The ladies never had a rota, and there is all the difference in the world between abolishing a system and starting a new one, and commencing with a clean slate, as the ladies did. The present system has worked extremely well, and with the addition of one other English green, that of Westward Ho, and the possible addition of an Irish green later on, it would be as perfect as any human system can be. But the greatest merit of the rota is that under it we know where we are, and without it we shall be in the dark every year. Without realising it, the delegates have struck a very dangerous blow against the existing government of golf, for after the abolition of the rota will come an agitation for the abolition of the authority of the Royal and Ancient and the substitution for it of an association.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

CYCLING

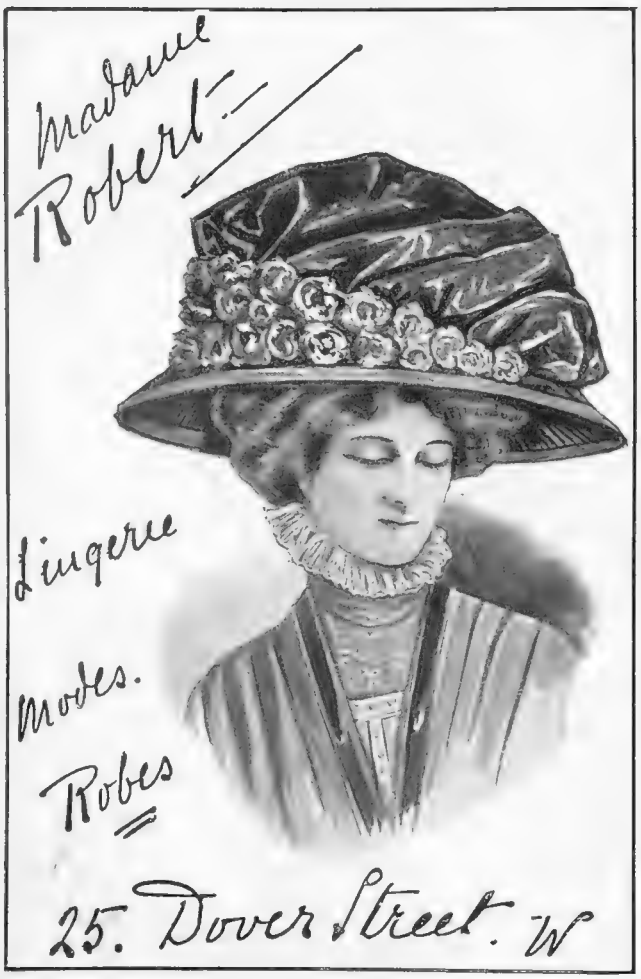
Some Impressions of the Stanley Show

It was quite evident from the volume of business which was being transacted that although the motor-car has somewhat overshadowed her smaller sister, she will never succeed in utterly eclipsing her. Except in the matter of price, the bicycle of to-day differs very little from the bicycle of five, six, or even more years ago. It is equally good for about half the price. I marked with joy the gradual progress of one innovation on which I am very keen indeed, and that is the gradual doing away with the pretty-looking but wholly unserviceable plating which is the bicyclist's real bane. A bicycle to be of real use should be as nearly weather-proof as possible, but the desire to make the machine look attractive has led manufacturers to plate parts which ought never to have been plated, and require continual watching and cleaning. Brakes exhibit several minor improvements, but I am sorry to see that the inverted brake-lever, which I regard as a most dangerous device, has yet to be eradicated.

SKATING

A Book by E. F. Benson

It will probably be somewhat of a surprise to many to know that the author of "Dodo" is an authority on skating; but all those devotees of a sport of which we get so little in this country will read with pleasure Mr. E. F. Benson's "English Figure Skating" (Bell: 7*s.* 6*d.*). In his preface Mr. Benson announces that he attempts to put forward no new theories, and he merely deals with the English style, but both by the tyro and by the accomplished skater the book will be found full of information and interest. Besides many useful figure diagrams, the book is well illustrated by photographs of well-known skaters, specially taken by Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond, which particularly demonstrates how great a part the shoulders play in skating.



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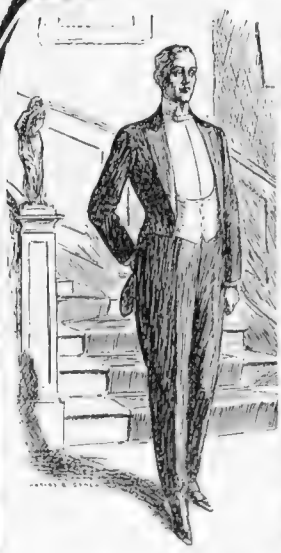

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Automobile Topics.

BY COMYNS BEAUMONT

"If—"

It is rather interesting to read an announcement in the current *Royal Automobile Club Journal* that "If a sufficient number of members can be got together, it is proposed to form a party to visit the Paris Salon on Thursday, December 3, by the train leaving Charing Cross at 2.20 p.m., *via* Folkestone and Boulogne, and due in Paris at 9.15 p.m." Two or three years ago such an announcement would have been impossible, because the Parisian Salon was *the* exhibition of the year, and all and sundry who had any interest in motor matters made the journey to the Gay City as a matter of course. Those of our British manufacturers who have steadfastly advocated the principle of British cars for British buyers may well congratulate themselves upon the fact that the premier automobile authority in the world, when sizing up the value of the French capital's seventeenth annual exhibition to British motorists, is compelled to take a leaf from the book of Messrs. Lucas, Graves, and George Morrow, and use that portentious monosyllable "If." Most of us know our Paris, and, apart from the attractions of the Salon, there are others, so that it is comforting to learn that, although "in order to get special terms from the railway company it is necessary for a certain number to travel together on the outward journey," the return journey may be made independently. All applications should be made to the Touring Department of the R.A.C. at 108, Piccadilly, W.

* * *

"Strange There Should Such Difference Be"

All motoring readers of THE BYSTANDER who own cars must have been struck with the difference which exists between Tweedledum and Tweedledee. In other words, why is it that of two cars of similar make and horse-power and equal age, weight, and seating capacity one can run away from the other? It is all a matter of tuning up, according to Mr. Sydney Smith, who contributes an article on the subject in this week's *Motor*. Mr. Smith, I may say, ignores the personal equation altogether, and overlooks the fact that of two motorists one may drive a car to distraction and the other the same car to destruction. But, as the expert

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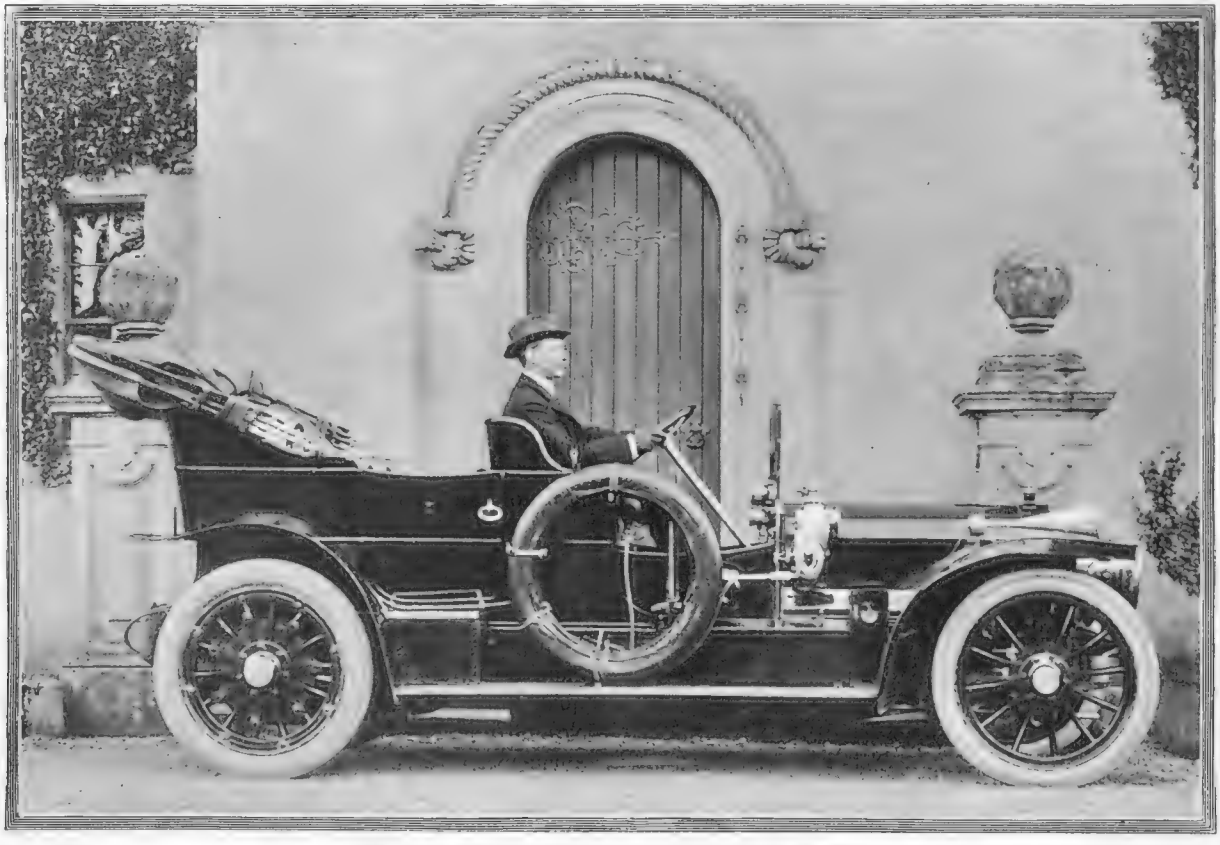

Mr. A. A. Campbell Swinton on his new 45-60 h.-p. Delahaye

This photograph was taken outside "Kimmerghame," the Berwickshire home of his brother, Mr. J. L. Campbell-Swinton. Mr. Swinton is also the brother of Captain G. S. C. Swinton, the well-known Whip of the Moderate Party of the London County Council

A Brand New Car
FOR
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CASH DOWN and 12 Monthly Payments of £6-10-8

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RED-BLACK ARMOURED & **THREE RIBBED — RUBBER —**

NON-SKID TYRES

THEREFORE

Whenever you see this Trade Mark remember it denotes the Acme of Perfection in Tyre Construction.

entrusted with the tuning-up of the Napier cars which gained such signal successes at Brooklands, Mr. Sydney Smith would be entitled to be listened to as one who speaks with authority did he but confine himself to matters within his ken.

* * *

Application of Knowledge

The power or usefulness of knowledge lies in its application, and here one might have supposed Mr. Smith's practical experience would have enabled him to back his theories. But he says, "of twin-sister cars one is faster than the other." "Why? The causes that influence the difference may be divided into two groups—(1) the power there should be available, and (2) the amount of work that power has to do. We will take the second of these two causes first." I continue to quote Mr. Sydney Smith. "Have you ever noticed two cars free-wheeling down a hill? Even if of the same make and weight, one invariably reaches the bottom of the hill in advance of the other. If you could fit up these cars with bicycle pedals, and so convert yourself into the motor, which would you rather work along? There is a fundamental truth here, and very few thoroughly appreciate it. If more customers did appreciate it, quite a lot of redesigning would have to be done by the manufacturers." Frankly, the "fundamental truth" does not appear to me to be apparent.

Intelligent Lubrication

Standardisation has been brought to an almost perfect point in many cases, and thereafter intelligent lubrication will minimise friction and so facilitate ease and smoothness in running. Mr. Smith quite rightly deprecates the use of grease in gear-boxes and on back axles when oil can be utilised, and asks, pertinently enough, "Do you lubricate your back axle and gear-box with oil or grease, and do you use the same in all weathers?" Your answer, I will assume, is that you use grease, and of the same consistency all the year round. Would you rather run a mile in thick mud up to your knees or in water to the same level. Try the experiment, and you'll never put any more mud—I mean grease—in your gear-box or on your back axle for the revolving parts to plough through. It costs you petrol, slows your car, and deducts from efficiency. If one objects that the oil will escape and get on to the brakes, Mr. Smith, while admitting that this is all too true in the case of many cars, observes that a spring-loaded felt washer or two or some bucket leather will often work wonders in retaining oil, or a mechanical collector can be devised to collect the oil from the revolving shaft and deliver it back whence it came.

COMYNS BEAUMONT.

USE CARBURINE MOTOR SPIRIT. — For particulars apply to THE G. L. I. COMPANY, LTD., 7, Bishopsgate Street Without, London, E.C. Telegrams: "Carburine, London." Telephone No.: 4452 London Wall.

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to see the testimony we have from Private Owners of the "Hotchkiss." It is convincing evidence in favour of this famous Car.

Our clients have stated that the Hotchkiss is "The quietest car I have ever rode in." "A magnificent hill climber." "Light on Tyres" "The comfortable car." "Mechanically perfect." "Gives perfect satisfaction in every way."

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NECK SOFT AND SMOOTH,

and produces a Beautiful, Pure, and Delicate Complexion. Bottles, 2/3 & 4/6. Of Stores, Chemists, and ROWLAND'S, 67, Hatton Garden, London. Avoid worthless substitutes, and buy only Rowland's Kalydor.

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Miss Dolly in the Latest Paris Fashions

THE CHRISTMAS SHOPPING SEASON

SOME PRELIMINARY NOTES BY MRS. JACK MAY

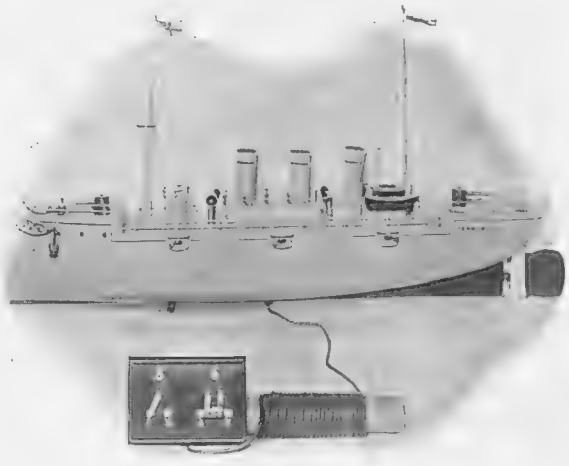
A Sailor Boy in the Last Style of Jumper

My dress notes must for once take a subordinate position before the more pressing claims of Christmas gifts. Space, however, I pray may be granted me for

La Mode's Latest "Bon-Mot"

For evening cloaks, a delicate colour lined with black is an alliance growing rapidly in favour. This is of the bizarre note that is essentially of the moment. I was shown, on these lines, a delicate carnation-pink *souple* cloth, trimmed with the new mammoth covered cordings, disposed in a deep lightning or leaf design that gave me quite a thrill when the fronts were thrown back to reveal a *doublure* of the softest and most costly black satin, a becoming black fox tie concluding the scheme.

It is quite in the extravagant order of things that the most *recherché* evening *manteaux* boast some permanently attached accessory of fur, ermine, as usual, claiming a large share of attention.



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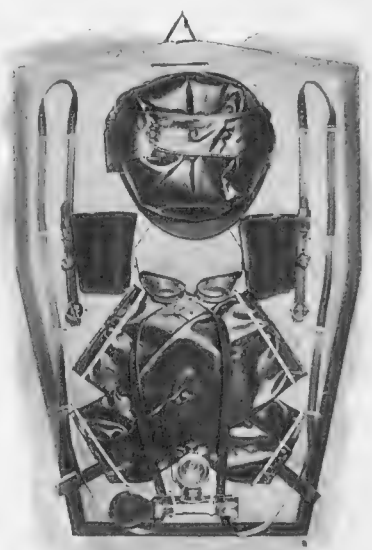
A procedure that is always of unquestionable value is that of dealing with a specialist. Now, it is pretty generally known that Mr. Charles Morrell spends his whole life and energies in an unremitting attention to this irresistible subject. Toys in the making are his study at home and abroad, a research that culminates at Christmas in the Eldorado at 368 and 370, Oxford Street.

To enumerate a hundredth part of the display would be impossible in the short space at command, a list of the trains alone requiring a small volume. The latest addition to an engine is a small electric battery in the tender, which, when the train is in motion, illumines a headlight. Then there are whole trains of every denomination, an increased number being worked by electricity, and positive fleets of ships. A man-o'-war filled with a low-current motor is worked from the shore by means of a battery, or,

A Miniature Barnum and Bailey for the Nursery



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£2,500. — BEAUTIFUL, old-fashioned RESIDENCE, at an *undoubted bargain price.*

Hall, drawing room (32ft. by 14ft.), dining room (22ft. by 14ft.), morning room, 7 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.).

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Commanding lovely views over *one of the most favoured parts of the Home Counties.*

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ABOUT 2 HOURS WEST OF LONDON.
EXCELLENT SHOOTING, GOOD HUNTING.
A GOOD INVESTMENT.

TO BE SOLD, an important FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL AND SPORTING ESTATE, extending to 3,000 acres, with a stone-built Mansion erected in 1757, occupying a good position in an old deer park, with a picturesque lake. Accommodation: entrance hall, suite of 5 good reception rooms, about 20 bedrooms, and usual offices; stabling for 13 horses; 220 acres of woodlands; 8 fertile farms in excellent order; 2 licensed houses; pretty country cottages with large gardens and an entire village. Actual and estimated rent roll about £3,800. The Estate is in good order and inexpensive to maintain.—Photo and full details of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit St., W. (1,818)

HALF AN HOUR FROM LONDON, with frequent service.—To be LET, Unfurnished, or SOLD, the above well-built RESIDENCE, occupying a very pleasant position on the top of a hill: lounge hall (27ft. by 17ft.), dining room (25ft. by 16ft.), drawing room (21ft. by 18ft.), billiard room (27ft. by 18ft. 9in.), library, 11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and usual offices, including servants' hall; electric light; gas and Company's water laid on; telephone installed; the garden contains some fine old oak and silver birch trees; well-made tennis court, rockery, etc.—Inspected and highly recommended by the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit St., W. (4,008)

THE CONDUIT STREET AUCTION GALLERIES.

The attention of Executors, Trustees, Solicitors, and Owners who may be desirous of selling family jewels, old silver, furniture, pictures, prints, miniatures, china, coins, books, old lace, furs, musical instruments, guns, and other valuables, is drawn to

MESSRS. KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY'S AUCTION GALLERIES, 9, CONDUIT STREET, and 23a, MADDOX STREET, W., which are OPEN DAILY to receive GOODS intended for early SALES. Valuations are prepared for fire insurance, estate duty, and all other purposes. Policy-owners are reminded that a signed inventory by Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY greatly facilitates settlement with insurance companies after a fire.

500FT. ABOVE THE SEA.

40 MINUTES OF TOWN.—To be SOLD, the above well-built RESIDENCE, occupying a very choice position, commanding magnificent views. It is approached by a long winding carriage drive, with lodge at entrance, and contains: spacious hall, billiard room, 3 reception rooms and conservatory, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; capital detached stabling for 4, harness room, coach and motor-houses, and 2 men's rooms; delightful pleasure grounds, ornamental lawns, herbaceous borders, 2 good tennis lawns, walled fruit and kitchen garden, 2 paddocks, in all about 13 acres; near excellent golf courses.—Further particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit St., W., who have inspected. (2,902)

A.D. 1551.
A UNIQUE PROPERTY POSSESSING EXCEPTIONAL PRIVILEGES.
45 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

TO BE LET, Unfurnished, or SOLD, the above historic RESIDENCE, which is in a good state of preservation and is said to have been the gift of Henry VIII. to Cardinal Wolsey. The accommodation comprises: 3 reception, billiard, 15 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; also servants' hall and usual offices; very good stabling for 16; 4 good cottages; small farmery; Company's gas and water; main drainage; old-world gardens, wide spreading lawns, adorned by clumps of shrubs, sloping to the river bank; magnificent old trees; prolific walled kitchen garden and small orchard; private fishing rights; hunting and golf.—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit St., W., who have inspected. (4,029)

500FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

AN HOUR OF TOWN.—To be SOLD, an attractive FREEHOLD PROPERTY of 150 acres, comprising undulating pasture and woodlands in a ring fence. The commodious Family Residence contains: 3 reception, billiard, and 14 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling for 5; 2 lodges, cottages, etc.

MODEL FARM-BUILDINGS AND DAIRY.

Electric light is installed.—Further particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (3,768)

KENT AND SURREY BORDERS.

PICTURESQUE OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE, COTTAGE, AND 50 ACRES.

£3,250 WILL PURCHASE the above charming FREEHOLD PROPERTY, situate on high ground, commanding extensive and lovely views of the Surrey Hills. It is 2 miles of a station, whence London can be reached in an hour: 2 reception, 8 bedrooms, and usual domestic offices; stabling and cottage; matured garden, orchards, and pasture-land, in all about 50 acres.—Further particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (3,912)

UNDER AN HOUR OF TOWN.
STATION 10 MINUTES. NEAR GOLF LINKS.

FOR SALE at a low price, a medium-sized RESIDENCE in excellent repair, standing 250ft. above sea level in parklands of 50 acres: 5 reception, billiard, and 15 bed and dressing rooms; stabling for 6 or more; lodge, farmery, etc.; inexpensive pleasure grounds beautifully timbered; good sporting.—Price and full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit St., W. (2,211)

A REAL OLD ENGLISH HOMESTEAD WITH ELECTRIC LIGHT AND TELEPHONE.

TO BE SOLD, this delightful old QUEEN ANNE FARMHOUSE, renovated and brought up to date, with hot and cold water throughout. It is approached from a lodge by a private road and carriage drive, and stands in the centre of

27 ACRES OF MEADOW-LAND.

Accommodation: 3 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling ample, as are the outbuildings; motor garage, farmery, etc.—Inspected by KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (4,052)

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY
Offices: 9, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (National) 497 Mayfair (Post Office)

Telephones: 1505 MAYFAIR. 3645 GERRARD

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE,

10, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Telegraphic Address: "WALTONS, LONDON."

SURREY HILLS (close to Limpsfield Golf Links).—For SALE, at a greatly reduced price, this attractive COUNTRY HOUSE, 500ft. above sea, with grand views: 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, lounge hall with fireplace; Company's water; gas (if required); stabling for 2; matured and secluded grounds, kitchen garden and greenhouse; extra paddock of 3 acres can be had; carriage drive, and cottage.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,313)

HERTS (in a lovely district 40 minutes from London).—To be SOLD, or LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, an old-fashioned COUNTRY HOUSE, well away from motor dust, and commanding splendid views; magnificently timbered grounds, kitchen gardens, orchard, and paddocks, 7 acres; additional land if desired; stabling for 6 horses; 12 bed and dressing rooms, and bathroom, 4 reception rooms, servants' hall, and offices; gas and Company's water; ¾ mile from station. Greatly reduced terms would now be accepted.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,059)

EAST GRINSTEAD (near).—£3,300 will PURCHASE a capital COUNTRY HOUSE, with stabling for 3; 4-roomed cottage; pretty pleasure gardens; well-stocked kitchen garden, and glasshouses; occupies a high situation; South aspect; lovely views; 7 bedrooms, dressing room, bath (h. and c.), 3 sitting rooms, lounge hall with fireplace; 12 minutes from station; easy reach of Ashdown Forest golf links.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,205)

HERTS, OVERLOOKING FINE PRIVATE PARK.

ADMIRABLY PLANNED MODERN HOUSE of exceptional merit: quaint lounge hall, 3 reception rooms with window seats, panelled walls, and reproduction of Tudor ceilings, bath, 10 bed and dressing rooms; garage; 2 tennis lawns, flower garden, and belt of fine old woodland, affording charming shady retreat. To be SOLD, or LET, Unfurnished.—Inspected and recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W. (22,829)

SURREY (in one of the most popular residential districts, within easy reach of a station, and only 40 minutes from London).—TO BE SOLD, an exceedingly CHOICE FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, comprising the above delightful Family Residence, occupying an exceptionally healthy situation on gravelly soil, surrounded by charming pleasure grounds and 35 ACRES of parkland. The House contains: entrance and inner halls, 4 reception rooms, 12 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS, bath (h. and c.), and convenient domestic offices; excellent stabling; walled kitchen garden, with complete ranges of glass, including conservatory.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,037)

ILLUSTRATED COUNTRY REGISTERS

FREE ON APPLICATION.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE publish two large illustrated REGISTERS, containing a selection of the best RESIDENTIAL ESTATES, Country Residences, Shootings, Hunting Boxes, Fishings, etc., for SALE or to be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, in all parts of the United Kingdom. The best and most reliable published. On receipt of a memorandum indicating the class of property required, Messrs. WALTON and LEE will return a specially marked list, showing at a glance descriptions of those places answering the requirements of the applicant.—Offices, 10, Mount St., London, W.

ASHDOWN FOREST GOLF LINKS (near, 1 mile from station, 6½ from East Grinstead).—To be SOLD, a capital COUNTRY HOUSE and 47 acres, in a high situation, with magnificent views: 10 bedrooms, suite of large reception rooms, lounge hall, and offices; stabling and farm-buildings; attractively laid-out grounds, lawns, croquet ground, gardener's cottage, picturesque lodge, long carriage drive; pasture and ornamental woodland. 40 acres extra land adjoining can be had.—Inspected by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,996)

HOLMWOOD AND LEITH HILL.—For SALE, the above old MANOR HOUSE, seated on high ground, amid well-timbered park-like lands and woods, 150 acres in all. House contains: 16 bed and dressing rooms, 2 baths, 4 reception rooms; lovely old-world grounds, stream intersecting Estate.—Recommended from inspection by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W. (22,892)

HERTS (near Hemel Hempstead; main L. and N.W.R., ½ mile from town and station).—£2,000 will PURCHASE a pretty old-fashioned HOUSE, modernised, standing high, on gravel; South aspect; lovely views; grounds of about 4 ACRES; pleasure garden; tennis and croquet lawn, kitchen garden, and paddock; stabling for 2, and outbuildings; 6 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), 3 reception rooms, lounge hall, conservatory; a mile from golf links.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,208)

UNDER AN HOUR FROM TOWN.

SURREY AND SUSSEX BORDERS.—Exceptionally well-built and charming COUNTRY HOUSE, with 16½ or 80 ACRES, TO BE SOLD at a moderate price. Conveniently situated midway between Brighton and London, 200ft. above sea level, ½ mile from station; billiard room, suite of handsome reception rooms, 17 bed and dressing rooms; 2 bathrooms; gas and water laid on; stabling for 6 horses, coachman's accommodation; model farmery, cottages, and bailiff's house; magnificently timbered pleasure grounds, ornamental water, kitchen garden, glasshouses, etc.; hunting, fishing, golf. Inspected and recommended.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W. (18,994)

TO GOLFERS AND OTHERS.

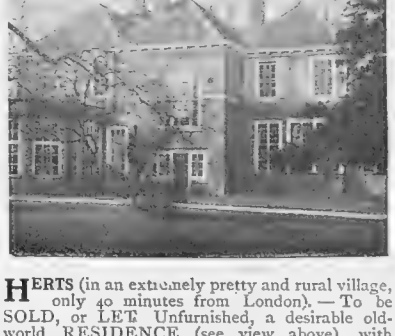
WALTON-ON-THE-HILL GOLF LINKS (close to), 550ft. above sea: grand views.—To be SOLD, a particularly attractive COUNTRY HOUSE and 13 acres, 1 mile from station, under an hour from the City: 11 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, billiard room, suite of capital reception rooms, servants' hall, and offices; stabling; motor-house; charming grounds and meadow-land; Company's water; modern drainage.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,128)

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE and WARWICKSHIRE BORDERS (near station on G.C. Ry. main line, close to village, post and telegraph office, 8 miles from Rugby, and in close proximity to several well-known meets of the Pytchley and Warwickshire Hounds.—To be SOLD, this picturesque RESIDENCE, standing in inexpensive and very pretty pleasure grounds, gardens, etc., of ABOUT 6 ACRES. It contains: 4 reception rooms, billiard room, 12 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and good domestic offices; first-rate stabling (mostly boxes) for 20 horses, coach-house, saddle and cleaning rooms, and several rooms for men; 2 modern cottages; excellent water supply; good drainage; lighted by petrol gas; 35 ACRES OF EXCELLENT LAND CAN BE PURCHASED.—Inspected and strongly recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (14,515)

TO LOVERS OF OLD HOUSES.

HOME COUNTIES (within easy reach of London).—A charming little PROPERTY, comprising a genuine and beautiful JACOBEAN MANOR HOUSE, judiciously and accurately restored, and possessing many quaint and interesting features characteristic of the age, although supplied with modern conveniences. It contains: panelled reception rooms, about 8 principal bedrooms, bathrooms, with proportionate servants' rooms, and domestic offices; good stabling; men's rooms; cottages, etc.; the old-world pleasure gardens are very finely timbered, and in beautiful condition. There is also some very useful grassland.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,200)

£1,600 WILL PURCHASE a medium-sized COUNTRY RESIDENCE and 20 ACRES, in a lovely district near Tintern Abbey, between Chepstow and Monmouth: 7 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), 4 sitting rooms; stabling for 3 horses; pleasure and kitchen gardens, and grassland; 1¼ miles from station; high position; splendid views.—WALTON and LEE, 10 Mount Street, W. (22,867)



HERTS (in an extremely pretty and rural village, only 40 minutes from London).—To be SOLD, or LET Unfurnished, a desirable old-world RESIDENCE (see view above), with beautifully timbered grounds and meadow-land of over 60 acres; high and sheltered situation; fine views; 18 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, suite of large and handsome reception rooms, including billiard room; stabling for 10, 4 cottages; pleasure and kitchen gardens, orchards, plantations, oak avenue, and entrance lodge.—Inspected and highly recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,063)

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE, LAND AGENTS, AUCTIONEERS, & SURVEYORS,

Telephones: 1505 MAYFAIR. 3645 GERRARD. } 10, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W. { Telegrams: "WALTONS, LONDON."

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ESTATE AGENTS **BROMPTON ROAD, S.W.** **AUCTIONEERS**

HERTS (near Hitchin).—To be SOLD, the above fine old QUEEN ANNE RESIDENCE, in excellent repair: large hall, oak staircase and gallery, 3 reception rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling for 7 horses; detached ballroom. BEAUTIFUL OLD GROUNDS. —Full particulars of Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

EPSOM.—To be LET, Unfurnished, most conveniently placed, old-fashioned RESIDENCE, standing in grounds of 1½ acres: 3 reception, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; stabling for 4, groom's rooms over; gas and water laid on. Rent, £153. — Inspected and recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 7,577)

INSPECTED AND STRONGLY RECOMMENDED.

KENT (12 miles of London).—To be SOLD or LET, Unfurnished, an exceptionally well-built RESIDENCE, standing in pretty grounds of about 1 acre, with lawns, kitchen garden, vinery, peach-houses, fernery, and range of glasshouses; hall, 3 good reception, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, servants' hall, etc.; electric light. Price £3,000.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

SUSSEX DOWNS.—Beautifully Furnished RESIDENCE, surrounded by pretty grounds and well-timbered park: 14 bed, bath, 3 reception, billiard rooms; good stabling; capital shooting up to 3,000 acres. To LET, for year or shorter period. —Inspected and strongly recommended by the Owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 1,037)

£120 PER ANNUM, WITH SHOOTING OVER 750 ACRES. — Fine old HOUSE, amidst fine grounds and grassland of 17 acres: 9 bed and dressing, bathroom, 3 reception; stabling for 6; cottages; good sporting locality.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

TO RACING MEN, TRAINERS, AND OTHERS.

BERKSHIRE DOWNS.—To be SOLD, by order of Executors, an exceedingly choice PROPERTY: 3 reception, billiard, 15 bed and dressing rooms, bathrooms; stabling for 20-30 horses; farmery, motor-house, several cottages; over 100 acres; electric light throughout; especially adapted for a training establishment or stud farm. Inspected and recommended.—HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

WOKING DISTRICT. — Well-furnished BUNGALOW, on gravel soil, not overlooked: 4 bed, 2 sitting rooms, dining hall, garden; good society, golf, etc. 1½ to 2gns. weekly for 6 months or so. — Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 1,033)

AT A GREATLY REDUCED PRICE.

LOVELY NEW FOREST DISTRICT. — To be SOLD or LET, Furnished, above Georgian MANSION, considered one of the finest Properties in this favourite district, standing high, and COMMANDING MAGNIFICENT VIEWS. Approached by long avenue carriage drive with lodge entrance, surrounded by finely timbered park of about 70 acres. Beautiful old-world grounds, productive walled kitchen gardens, glasshouses, suite of reception and billiard rooms, 23 bed and dressing rooms, bathrooms, etc.; ample stabling, several cottages; acetylene gas.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

ONE HOUR SOUTH OF LONDON. — To be LET, Unfurnished, or Furnished, the above COUNTRY RESIDENCE, standing in perfectly kept grounds and well-timbered park of 100 acres: lounge hall, 4 reception, billiard room, 15 bed and dressing, 3 bathrooms; good stabling; motor-house, farmery, and cottages. Inspected and recommended.—HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 6,731)

HEREFORDSHIRE.—To be SOLD, magnificent old COUNTRY MANSION, with suite of reception rooms, over 20 bedrooms; well-timbered park and grounds; excellent stabling, several cottages, farms, etc. First-rate shooting, hunting, golf.—Full details of Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.
GRAND SPORTING ESTATE OF OVER 1,000 ACRES.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS DISTRICT. — Charming old Gothic RESIDENCE: 4 reception, 12 bedrooms, bath; stabling for 4; 2 cottages; farmhouse, lovely old grounds and pasture-lands, in all 29 acres; acetylene gas. RENT ONLY £180. —Inspected and recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.
Old-fashioned Residence. 29 Acres. Cottages. Farm. Small Premium.

ARUNDEL.—Very comfortable RESIDENCE, on high ground, near sea and golf links: 3 reception, billiard, 7 bed and dressing, bath, etc.; stabling; pretty gardens, 2 acres; gas and main water. Furnished, for the Winter, or possibly Unfurnished.—Owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (890)

URGENTLY WANTED TO PURCHASE, 1 to 2 hours from Town, Sussex or Hants preferred, a small old-fashioned COUNTRY HOUSE, with old garden and paddock; 8 to 10 bedrooms (or would add); small stabling; price up to £3,000 or £4,000; a farmhouse capable of being made a gentleman's residence would be entertained.—Particulars to "RETIRED," care of Box K 5,050, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

WANTED, a FARMHOUSE of the Queen Anne or Georgian period, with a little land (about 12 to 20 acres), within 5 miles of a good station, South of London or Bucks preferred; photo if possible.—"R. D.," care of Box KF 5,096, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

IN A PRETTY PART OF SUSSEX.

£3,750 WITH 26 ACRES.—A great bargain; the HOUSE is old-fashioned, but in excellent order, and contains: 10 bedrooms, bathroom, and 3 reception rooms; stabling for 3 horses; ½ mile from station.—Full particulars on application to Box K 4,082, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

35 MILES FROM TOWN. ABSOLUTELY RURAL.

TO BE SOLD.—A fine old stone-built HOUSE, covered in creepers, standing in 7 acres of glorious old grounds, specially noted for the filbert orchard. The House is in excellent order, and contains: 3 reception rooms, billiard room, and 6 bedrooms; stabling and outbuildings, paddock, etc.—Box K 4,022, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, FOR THE WINTER, about 16 miles north of London, quite in the country, a warm, comfortable HOUSE, on gravel soil, occupying a bright situation on high ground. Accommodation: 4 reception rooms, billiard room, 14 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; good stabling; a moderate rent will be accepted from a good tenant. — Box KF 743, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

HERTFORDSHIRE.—To be SOLD, a beautifully built and compact moderate-sized RESIDENCE, 1 mile from a main line station, from whence London is reached in half an hour. The House stands in about 8 acres of charming pleasure grounds, and contains: pretty lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; good stabling and outbuildings.—Box K 3,757, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

YORKSHIRE.—To be SOLD, an artistic RESIDENCE, standing in lovely old grounds of 7 acres: 3 reception, 12 bedrooms, bathroom, and usual offices; stabling for 5; 4 very good cottages; the gardens and grounds are tastefully laid out, and include ornamental fountain and tennis courts; large kitchen garden.—Box K 4,054, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

A GREAT SACRIFICE (35 minutes from Town). —A charming little HOUSE, with 3 reception and 7 bedrooms, in well-matured grounds of 1½ acres, with tennis lawn, etc.; stabling for 2 horses, with coach-house and outbuildings; will be Sold considerably below cost.—Apply, Box K 4,061, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

30 MINUTES OF TOWN.—To be LET, Furnished, Unfurnished, or SOLD, an old-fashioned RESIDENCE, standing well back from the road, with lodge entrance: billiard, 4 reception, 10 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and capital offices; stabling for 4; 2 cottages and farmery; gravel soil; 1 mile of excellent golf course; lovely old pleasure grounds, and several rich paddocks, in all about 26½ acres.—Box K 3,863, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

A BARGAIN. — Old-fashioned RESIDENCE and about 6 acres of grounds to be SOLD; 40 minutes from Town, quite in the country. Accommodation: 4 reception and billiard rooms, 15 bed and dressing rooms, etc.; stabling for 8. —Apply, Box K 3,957, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

£3,250 WILL PURCHASE a charming FREEHOLD PROPERTY, situate on high ground, commanding extensive and lovely views of the Surrey Hills. It is 2 miles of a station, whence London can be reached in an hour: 2 reception, 8 bedrooms, and usual domestic offices; stabling and cottage; matured garden, orchards, and pasture-land, in all about 50 acres.—Apply, Box K 3,912, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

ON THE CHILTERN HILLS.—To be SOLD, an old-world RESIDENCE: large dining room with inglenook, drawing room, both rooms have beamed ceilings and polished wood-block floors, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.), etc.; stabling for 2 and men's rooms; well-stocked orchard and fruit garden, with rustic rosery, pergolas, etc., and wall fruit and meadow-land, in all about 16 acres. — Apply, Box K 4,006, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

ON BORDERS OF SURREY AND HANTS (about 1 mile from Aldershot Station and 60 minutes from Town and 2 miles from Military Camp). — Splendid ESTATE, about to be developed, called "ROWHILLS," and offered for SALE in parts of and up to 6 and 8 acres to suit purchasers. Well covered with timber. Gravel and sand subsoil, very healthy for Country Houses; splendid aspect, mainly facing South and South-East, with fine view over Hindhead and Surrey Hills; average height above sea level 400ft. Price varying from £100 to £200 per acre according to site selected.—For further particulars apply to Sole Agents, PRESTON and WELLS, Architects and Surveyors, 10A, Grosvenor Road, Aldershot.

WINTER RESIDENCE.—To be LET for the Winter or for 6 months, from November to April, the "Castillo del Principe," in Galicia, Spain. It is situated in the magnificent Bay of Corcubion, Cape Finisterre, between Vigo and Corunna, about 3 hours' run by motor from Corunna (50 miles), with good road. The Castle is on the east side of the bay, has been restored and converted into a comfortable Residence, splendidly decorated; possesses extensive grounds with pine and eucalyptus, and terrace overlooking the sea. The grounds are suitable for all sorts of games, and the paths are laid out in the woods within the grounds; heating apparatus. — For further particulars, address "HISPANOLA," c/o of DEACONS, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.

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F. J. RONALD,

Telegrams: "DECIDABLE, LONDON."

AUCTIONEER and ESTATE AGENT, 72, VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, S.W. SURVEYOR VALUER.

SUNNY POSITION, OVERLOOKING SEA.

SUSSEX COAST.—To be LET, Unfurnished, the above RESIDENCE, occupying an elevated position, commanding extensive marine views, and placed in secluded and well-laid-out grounds. The well-arranged accommodation comprises: 4 reception rooms, conservatory or winter garden, billiard room, and approached by 2 staircases are 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.

Rent, £150 per annum.

F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,291)

TO GOLFERS. £105 PER ANNUM ONLY

SUNNINGDALE GOLF LINKS only 1¼ miles distant.—To be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, this attractive gabled RESIDENCE, standing well away from the road, with South aspect. Contains: hall with lavatory and cloakroom, 3 reception rooms, conservatory, 6 bed and dressing rooms, well-fitted bathroom, etc.; stabling for 2 horses, with coach or motor-house, and man's room over; beautifully timbered grounds of about 2 acres, including tennis lawn, kitchen garden, etc.; gravel soil; Company's water and gas laid on; hunting.

Rent, Unfurnished, £105 per annum on Lease.

F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,260)

2,000 ACRES OF SHOOTING. BUCKS.

TO BE LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, an old-fashioned RESIDENCE, standing in 14 acres of grounds, and containing: 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 10 bedrooms, bathroom, usual domestic offices, including servants' hall; excellent water and drainage; stabling for 8 horses; usual outhouses and cottage; shooting over 2,000 acres, with 100 acres of covert.

Rent, Unfurnished, £100 per annum; or Furnished, £150 per annum.

F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,269)

SUNNY, BRACING, AND ENCHANTING.

EASTERN COUNTIES.—For SALE, the above substantially built and well-appointed RESIDENCE, beautifully seated on an eminence, overlooking an

EXPANSIVE BROAD, WITH ITS EVER VARYING INTERESTS.

The House, which was built for the owner's own occupation, and is therefore replete with every possible convenience, contains: lounge hall, with well staircase, 3 reception rooms,

BILLIARD ROOM,

15 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, hot linen cupboard, and excellent cupboard accommodation generally; excellent domestic offices completely shut off;

ELECTRIC LIGHT INSTALLATION;

range of outbuildings, including stabling, excellent lodge, and boathouse; the grounds extend to

20 ACRES,

and are of a very attractive nature. Personally inspected and strongly recommended.

Apply, F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,286)

LEICESTERSHIRE.

FOR SALE AT £1,750, Freehold, an old-fashioned timbered ceiling

FARMHOUSE,

within 1 mile of a station on the G.C.R., standing about 800ft. above sea level, with South-West aspect. The accommodation comprises:

3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, 2 staircases, usual domestic offices;

extensive range of outbuildings, including stabling accommodation for 4 horses; the grounds extend to

17 ACRES,

comprising lawns, rose garden, kitchen garden, paddock, and 2 meadows. Immediate possession.

Apply, F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,283)

20 ACRES (MORE OR LESS). BILLIARD ROOM.

HERTS (within 1¼ miles of station, and ½ hour by fast train to Town).—To be LET, Furnished, or SOLD, the above half-timbered RESIDENCE, of pleasing elevation, approached by drive with lodge at entrance, and standing in well-timbered grounds of nearly 20 acres: dining room, drawing room, billiard room, study, usual domestic offices, including housekeeper's room. On the upper floor are 14 bed and dressing rooms, 2 lavatories, 2 w.c.'s.; stabling consists of 5 stalls, 2 loose boxes, 3 coachhouses, man's room with hay-loft, granary, and 4 living rooms over. The gardens include 3 tennis or croquet lawns, conservatory, greenhouse, vinery, forcing house, etc.; electric installation throughout.

Apply, F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,194, E 1,305)

THIS MOST UNIQUE PROPERTY, IN THE EAST GRINSTEAD DISTRICT.

FOR SALE, at quite a moderate figure, or would be LET, Furnished.

The grounds extend to 31 ACRES, and include a charming LAKE OF 7 ACRES.

The House, 250ft. above sea level, contains:

HALL,	BATHROOM,
3 RECEPTION ROOMS,	MOTOR-HOUSE,
6 BEDROOMS.	CONSERVATORY.

Acetylene gas throughout; Company's water.

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OLD BERKSHIRE KENNELS WITHIN ¾ MILE.

THIS CHARMING OLD HUNTING-BOX, exceptionally complete and convenient, well furnished with genuine antique furniture, to be LET at only

4½ GUINEAS WEEKLY.

Lounge hall, drawing and dining rooms, 5 good bedrooms, usual domestic offices.

6 BOXES,

double motor-house and numerous outhouses.

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HUNTING 6 DAYS A WEEK.

WARWICKSHIRE (in the heart of the Pytchley country, between Rugby and Market Harborough).—To be LET for the Hunting Season, the above picturesque well-Furnished RESIDENCE, containing: 3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, usual domestic offices; continuous hot-water supply; loose boxes for 8 horses, convertible into

16 STALLS,

coach-house, and men's rooms; grounds of from 30-40 acres.

Apply, F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (M 2,009)

IN THE BEAUTIFUL ARUNDEL DISTRICT.

TO BE LET, Furnished, or possibly Unfurnished, the above charming RESIDENCE, fitted with all modern comforts, and standing in grounds of

2 ACRES.

Contains: hall, with lavatory and cloakroom, dining room with French windows to lawn,

FULL-SIZED BILLIARD ROOM,

drawing room, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; gas and main water; stabling;

tennis and croquet lawns, pretty garden and meadow; sea and golf links near.

Rent, only 5 gns. weekly for Winter months.

F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (S 833)

This Razor and Seven Blades for **5/-** post free.

The Phenomenal Success
OF THE
"CLEMAK"

with its Original Link-Action and Automatic Adjustment, again proves the Superiority of British Workmanship.

Send for our Booklet, or ask your Dealer to show you a **"CLEMAK."**

"MAKES SHAVING A PLEASURE."

"CLEMAK" RAZOR AND SEVEN BLADES **5/-**
"CLEMAK" RAZOR AND TWELVE BLADES **7/6**
STANDARD OUTFIT, WITH STROP **10/6**

CLEMAK BLADES CAN BE STROPPED & WILL LAST FOR YEARS.

On Sale at all IRONMONGERS, STORES, etc., or Post Free from

THE "CLEMAK" SAFETY RAZOR CO., BILLITER STREET, LONDON, E.C.

SAVE 50 %
OF YOUR
COAL BILL
BY USING THE PATENT
"BOND" STOVE

DEAR SIRS,—The heat it throws out is enormous, and it does not burn a quarter of the coal we have hitherto been burning.
T. BROWN (Doctor).

AND BY USING THE PATENT
"SINE QUA NON"
KITCHEN RANGE.

DEAR SIRS,—The "Sine qua Non" Range is a complete success. It is an extremely good cooker, and heats the water for bath, lavatory, etc., perfectly, and the consumption of coal is not *half* as much as that burnt by the old range.
W. W. HARRIS.

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Branches: Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Bradford, &c.
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DEPOSITS of £10 and upwards received as under. Subject to 3 months' Notice of Withdrawal, 5 p.c. per ann
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Special terms for longer periods. Interest paid quarterly. Owing to the nature of our investments, we are able to pay rates of interest on deposits that will compare favourably with dividends paid on almost any class of stock or share holding insuring the safety of capital. We have been established for 38 years, and our position in the Banking World to-day, testifies to the success of our business methods and to the satisfaction of our customers. Write or call for Prospectus.
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1s. net, post free 1s. 1½d.
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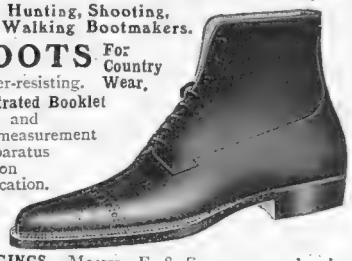
Velvet Grip
BOSTON GARTER

LOOK FOR THE PATENT RUBBER BUTTON

WILL NOT TEAR THE SOCKS.
THE ACME OF COMFORT.
THE HEIGHT OF PERFECTION.
Cotton, plain or check, 1/- pair.
Silk, plain elastic, 2/- pair.
By post, 1d. extra.
T. M. LEWIN, SHIRT TAILOR.
18, JERMYN STREET, S.W.

AWARDED GRAND PRIX AT THE FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION.
FAULKNER & SON,
52, South Molton St., Bond St., W.
Hunting, Shooting, and Walking Bootmakers.

BOOTS For Country Wear.
Water-resisting.
Illustrated Booklet and Self-measurement Apparatus on application.



LEGGINGS.—Messrs. F. & S. are now showing the neatest and smartest leggings yet introduced.

TO ASTHMA SUFFERERS.
Instant Relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, & Whooping Cough by the use of **Potter's Asthma Cure,** in 1/- Tins. Sold everywhere. For FREE SAMPLE send postcard to **POTTER & CLARKE, Ltd.,** Artillery Lane, London, E. *Mention this paper.*
INSTANT RELIEF.

SANGSTER & Co. LTD.,
2, SLOANE ST., S.W.
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By Special Appointment to
His Majesty THE KING and
Her Majesty QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

UMBRELLAS,
WALKING STICKS,
HUNTING CROPS.

All the Latest Noveities in BAGS AND FANCY LEATHER GOODS.

FREE OF CHARGE

Any initial Engraved if you purchase this
CALENDAR for 1909.
It's the most **dainty,** most **useful,** most **acceptable,** and most **inexpensive** present to send to your friend.
Solid Silver Cover. Beautifully Embossed.
Order at Once. Only 1/- post free.
Write for "The Bright Gift-Book," containing Hundreds of Novelties, post free throughout the world.
Bright's Stores, Ltd. 35, The Bright Buildings, Bournemouth.

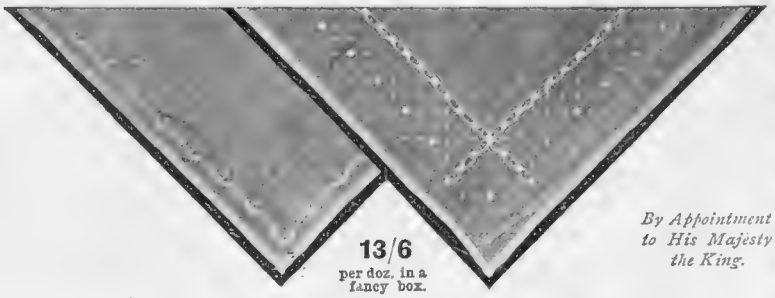
READ THE
DAILY GRAPHIC

Handkerchiefs as Christmas Souvenirs.

¶ This year our stock of Novelties is larger and more varied than ever. Pretty boxes containing one dozen assorted patterns of beautifully Hemstitched and Embroidered Handkerchiefs for ladies.

Price 7/-, 8/6, 10/-, 13/6, 16/6, & 20/- per doz.

PRICE LISTS AND SAMPLES
POST FREE.



13/6
per doz. in a fancy box.

By Appointment to His Majesty the King.

Robinson & Cleaver, Ltd., 44T, Donegall Place, Belfast.

Papillon

GIFTS FOR CHRISTMAS

Dainty Neckwear—
Jupons, Blouses, Lingerie.

POST AND COLONIAL ORDERS
PROMPTLY DESPATCHED.

28, Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

Telephone: 4262 Mayfair.

ADAIR

GANESH PREPARATIONS

(REGISTERED), 'Phone: 3782 Gerrard.

92, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.
5, RUE CAMBON, PARIS; and NEW YORK.

Patronised by Royalty and Medical Profession.

NEW STRAPPING MUSCLE TREATMENT with the Ganesh Eastern Oil absolutely removes lines, and fills out hollows by bracing the relaxed muscles and feeding the tissues. The eyelids can be treated and lines removed from the lids, making them white and firm; even the eyesight is made stronger.

ANTISEPTIC ELECTROLYSIS, as done by Mrs. Adair, is safe and almost painless. Superfluous hair, moles, warts, red veins, etc., are removed without leaving any mark or scar.

GANESH EASTERN MUSCLE DEVELOPING OIL is the best skin food and muscle producer in the world, will of itself remove lines, strengthen and give back life to the skin. **30/6, 21/6 10/6 5/6.**

GANESH DIABLE SKIN TONIC tones, strengthens and whitens the skin, closes the pores; is a splendid wash for the eyes. No one should be without this face tonic. **21/6, 10/6, 7/6, 5/6.**

GANESH EASTERN CREAM keeps the skin free from chaps, making it soft and smooth. Made up to suit all skins, **10/6, 6/6, 3/6.**

PATENT GANESH CHIN STRAP removes double chins, restores lost contours, takes away line running from nose to chin. **21/6** and **25/6.**

PATENT GANESH FOREHEAD STRAP removes lines from forehead and corners of eyes, is good for neuralgia, **25/6.**

Send for Lecture, "How to Retain and Restore the Youthful Beauty of Face and Form," *6d.*; also for Corset Catalogue.

Xmas and New Year Gifts.

MAPPINS'
REPRODUCTIONS
FROM THE ANTIQUE
IN
STERLING SILVER
AND
PRINCE'S PLATE.

N. SERIES
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE
of LATEST NOVELTIES
sent post free on application.

MAPPIN & WEBB

(MAPPIN BROS. INCORPORATED),

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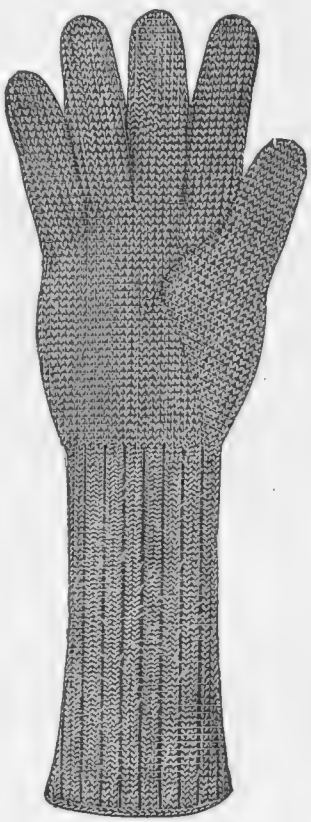
when procurable, an accumulator, several yards of insulated india-rubber tubing uniting this switch-board and the ship.

Another fascinating electric affair takes the form of a miniature engine with dynamo for producing electric light. These gifts are, of course, for the schoolboy; while for the denizens of the nursery an assured success is a realistic presentment of Barnum's great menagerie, a box of clockwork military motors, including an ambulance, and a hunt, both welcome changes from the stereotyped boxes of soldiers and sailors. Then a chauffeur's kit promises to be an assured success, this comprising cap, gaiters, wind-cuffs, goggles, lamp, horn, and—sweet irony of ironies—a pair of reins.

Of dolls, it goes without saying, there is the customary goodly array. Although here, again, old as the story is, Mr. Morrell contrives to strike sparks of fresh interest. There is a boy sailor in a new style of jumper, and some dainty young ladies in silks and laces and picture-hats.

Teddy Bear is accorded an enhanced reputation by a trunkful of clothes, and there is the quaintest tumbling bear that ever was seen. This is a clockwork toy, which, when set in motion, goes through the most laughable contortions. Foremost among the cheaper and amusing novelties comes the poor, dear Suffragette, being ejected by a policeman, and Miss Plank-First, who has to walk the plank.

Although containing only an infinitesimal portion of the exclusive stock, Mr. Morrell has brought out a most alluring illustrated catalogue, creating a precedent in two full-coloured pages of dolls. This catalogue can be procured for the asking, and readers in the country will, doubtless, be glad to hear that Mr. Morrell is meeting his customers most generously in the cost of carriage of goods.



The "Panhard" Motor Glove

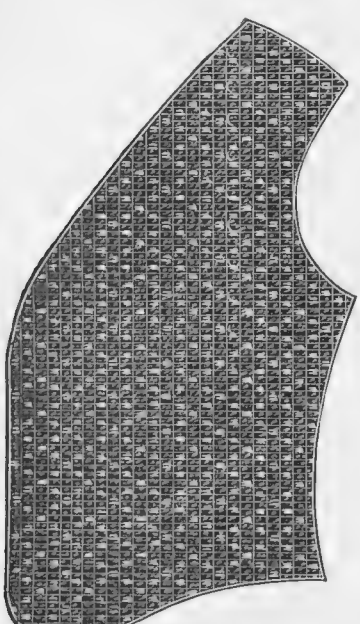
ACCEPTABLE PRESENTS FOR MEN, SEEN AT MESSRS. HEAD'S, 191a-192a, SLOANE STREET

question. In hand-made waistcoats alone, an invariably acceptable present for a man, there is an amazing choice, comprising every kind and denomination, from knitted and crocheted wool and silk varieties to huckaback and perforated cloth fancies. A quite recent addition to the selection is found in a "Dice" cloth, a sort of soft canvas that, when embroidered with Head's Emperor silk, effects the most pleasing appearance.

A simple, yet effective, expression of this new work will be found illustrated. This can also be had ready prepared for working, with a neat little sample of the pattern for reference. The second waistcoat sketched reveals the "Rufford" design, a crochet model of exceeding virtue. Included in the celebrated Highland series is a card, giving full and minute instructions as to how this is made, the quantity of Emperor silk required, size of hook, etc., being all clearly and lucidly stated.

This Highland series of instruction cards, only 4½*d.* each, or the half-dozen for 1*s.* 6*d.*, is a real boon and blessing; everything is set forth in such clear, simple language, and the veriest tyro could not fail to accomplish successful results. With that "Panhard" motor glove, for example, a sketch whereof will be found on this page, the card tells exactly how to effect this warm, cosy, and wholly acceptable hand-covering, rabbit wool or five-ply fingering being the medium employed.

Messrs. Head's season's catalogue contains most interesting reading and illustrations, special space being devoted to the cause of the above-applauded waistcoats, some capital motor scarves, either crocheted or knitted, and several fascinating novelties in children's garments.



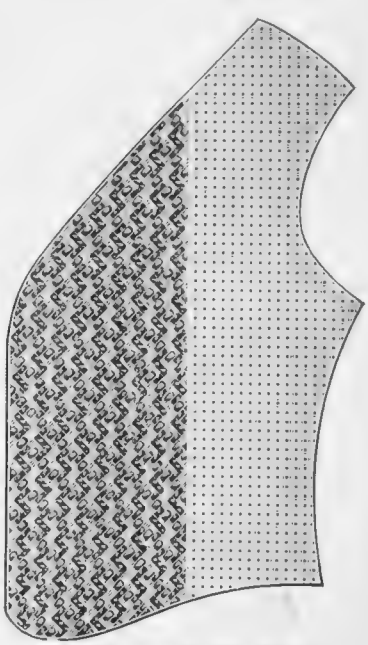
A "Dice" Cloth Waistcoat, Embroidered with Emperor Silk

Head's, 191a-192a, Sloane Street

If ever the psychological moment arrives for a visit to Messrs. Head, surely it is the Christmas gift-giving one, the supply offered in new and original suggestions being of the kind and quality to solve many a debatable

My Next Article

My notes this week are but a preliminary canter, for in the next issue of THE BYSTANDER, its fifth Christmas and Birthday Number—how the time does fly, to be sure!—I shall be able to give a longer, if perhaps less full, list of the attractions which are now so temptingly displayed in our shops for the forthcoming Christmastide. This will, of course, be the strictly utilitarian side of a right merry number.



The "Rufford" Knitted Waistcoat

IS GOOD HANDWRITING A LOST ART?

THE PROPRIETORS OF

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

are desirous of putting this question to the test, and are offering 64 money prizes for the best specimens of handwriting.

The Prizes will be as follows:—

FOR LADIES.		FOR GENTLEMEN.	
1st Prize	£5 5s.	1st Prize	£5 5s.
5 Prizes of	£1 1s. each	5 Prizes of	£1 1s. each
10 ,,	10s. 6d. ,,	10 ,,	10s. 6d. ,,

FOR CHILDREN.

Up to 10 years of age.		Over 10 and up to 14 years of age.	
1st Prize	£1 1s.	1st Prize	£2 2s.
5 Prizes of	7s. 6d. each.	5 Prizes of	10s. 6d. each.
10 ,,	5s. 0d. ,,	10 ,,	7s. 6d. ,,

The Prizes will not be divided.

INSTRUCTIONS.—Write the following on a sheet of paper:—

The law of the Bath is a paradox quite,
For would you be healthy and strong,
With WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP you
are sure to be right,
But wash without Wright's you'll be wrong.

At the top left-hand corner place name and address, and state whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss, and in the case of children their age to be given.

Competitors may send as many attempts as they like, but each one must be accompanied by an outside wrapper of WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap. Sold everywhere, 4d. per tablet. Competitors sending any other wrapper than WRIGHT'S will be disqualified.

The decision of the Managing Director will be final.

Last day for receiving replies, **Dec. 15th.** The result will be announced in the "DAILY MAIL" on **Jan. 5th.**

Address, "Handwriting," WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP, 66-68, Park Street, Southwark, S.E.

Mothers!

HERE is another living, laughing testimonial to the virtues of Mellin's Food.

¶ Mellin's has reared hundreds of thousands of babies to vigorous maturity. It will do the same for yours.

¶ Mellin's makes cow's milk entirely digestible, and like mother's milk it is free from starch. It requires no cooking and can be made to perfection in one moment.

Sample, together with Booklet, sent free. Address Mellin's Food, Ltd., Peckham, S.E.

Mellin's Food

The Home Beautiful.

1908 Edition, containing the Latest Novelties in Casement Blinds, Sill Curtains, Cretonnes, Chintzes, Tissues, Taffetas, Printed Linens, Muslins, Vitrage Nets, Beautifully Coloured Illustrations of Art Carpets, Bordered Curtains, Loose Covers.

POST FREE UPON APPLICATION.

SUGGESTION FOR CASEMENT WINDOW.

NEW CASEMENT BLIND MATERIALS.

Casement Cotton, 6½d. per yd., 31in. wide; 11½d. per yd., 52in. wide.
Cassia Cloth, in 50 Art Shades, 7¾d. per yd., 31in. wide; ditto, 1/3¾ per yd., 52in. wide.
Printed Cassia Cloth, 9½d. per yd., 31in. wide; ditto, reversible, 10½d. per yd.
Cingalee Cloth, 9¾d. per yd., 32in. wide; 1/4¾ per yd., 52in wide.
Wool Casement Cloth, 1/11¾ to 2/11¾ per yd., 52in. wide.
Bolton Sheeting, Fast Colours, 1/2½ per yd., 52in. wide; ditto, Super Quality, 1/6 per yd., 52in. wide. New Band and Edge Trimmings to match.

IDEAL WINTER CURTAIN FABRICS.

Rep de Luxe, 2/9 per yd., 52in. wide; in 18 exquisite colourings.
Satin Cloth, 3/11 per yd., 52in. wide.
Novello Plush, 2/11 per yd., 52in. wide.
Empire Velvet, 4/11 per yd., 52in. wide; very rich and lustrous.
Art Serges, Linen Plushes, Cretonnes, Taffetas, Printed Linens, Madras Muslins, Applique Madras, Vitrage Nets, Etc., Etc.

PATTERNS POST FREE UPON APPLICATION.

WILLIAMSON & COLE, High St., Clapham, S.W.

HOOPING-COUGH.

GROUP.

ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION.

The Celebrated Effectual Cure without Internal Medicine.

In constant use for the past 120 years.

The Embrocation will be found Effectual in cases of

BRONCHITIS & LUMBAGO.

COPY OF AN ORDER RECEIVED.

"Baroness Meltzing requests Messrs. Edwards to despatch six bottles of Roche's Herbal Embrocation, used for children having Hooping-Cough, to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cumberland.—Penzing, Vienna, 24th March, 1889."

The above order was repeated 1894, 1899, 1903, and 1905.

TELEGRAM—LDN., MERAN, 785, 38, 14/10/90, 10/5.—M.

"Messrs. Edwards, London, 157, Queen Victoria Street.—Please send immediately two bottles Roche's Embrocation for Hooping-Cough to Count Montenoch, at the Duke Phillip of Wuettemberg, Abbazia, Austro-Hungary. "Two others to me, Princess Windischgraetz, Meran, Tyrol."

Sold by Chemists throughout the United Kingdom, the Colonies, and Abroad.

Price 4/- per bottle. **Sole Wholesale Agents—**

W. EDWARDS & SON, 157, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

Paris: Roberts and Co., 5, Rue de la Paix. New York: Fougera & Co., 90, Beekman Street.

LEADING SCIENTISTS HAVE DECLARED

FRANK COOPER'S "OXFORD" MARMALADE

TO BE

PERFECTLY PURE, OF CHOICEST QUALITY, DELICATE and ATTRACTIVE in FLAVOUR.

Royalty, Aristocracy, Regimental Messes, Crews in Training, and those who know, ALWAYS PREFER FRANK COOPER'S.

The *Daily Graphic* says:—"'Oxford" Marmalade has been eaten for 40 years.'

The *Sphere* says:—'The fame of Cooper's "Oxford" Marmalade has become world-wide.'

Ask your Grocer for FRANK COOPER'S "OXFORD" MARMALADE.

If unable to obtain, send postcard for name of nearest Grocer to FRANK COOPER, Oxford.

Sample Jar sent on receipt of three stamps to cover cost of postage.

THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST.

A Woman's Note Book: SOME XMAS THOUGHTS

There are fashionable topics of conversation among us all, even to the very juvenile, and the advent of Father Christmas has already become the absorbing subject in youthful circles. I have heard it at street corners in cockney accents from ragged urchins, who, benefiting last year from some unexpected charity, are not unhopeful of a like mysterious visitation. I have heard it in nurseries lisped by well-cared-for tiny boys and maidens. I have heard it from excitable children hurrying on by their nurses' or governesses' sides on their daily constitutional. Yesterday it rang forth, "When Father Christmas comes!" out of the fog in a shrill treble, which made me peer anxiously for its eager owner, whereupon a bunch of yellow, dancing curls shot past me like a ray of hope across the gloom, and again all was lost in darkness. "When Father Christmas comes!"—God bless him! May he penetrate into every nook and cranny of our child-world in the great city of London to make it happy.

The Joy of Sacrifice

I always think there is one class of child to whom Father Christmas comes toy-laden indeed, but without any blessings. It is to that child who, through the fault of his parents rather than his own, takes all and gives nothing. And at the end of their spoiling care, their fond indiscretion, he is not happy, for he has missed the joy of one single sacrifice. He is merely grasping. When Father Christmas comes to the tiny denizens of our narrow lanes and dark alleys to bring, perhaps, one single present through a whole long year, he visits a class among whom, if hardship gives the opportunity of sympathy, it is there abundantly. He visits a class who always give out of their very, very little, who go cold and hungry more often than we comfortable folk may imagine, for the benefit of some sick neighbour, who lend when they can and are in return the recipients of the charity of the poor through moments of distress, illness, or starvation. To the children of this race Father Christmas comes as no spoiling, pampering influence, but rather as a necessary joy, as a humanising effect, where else all was dark, as a link, a badly needed link, between the homes of the poor and the homes containing more than plenty.

Let the Children Give!

Children are naturally unspoilt, generous things, and the eager receiver, if it is only pointed out to him, would be the most generous giver. Father Christmas is no blessing to any home where he is regarded as a dispenser of personal or family favours only. As a matter of fact, he is a large-hearted old gentleman. Nursery lore when I was young ran in the legend (only too incorrect, I fear) that he came to every boy and girl who was not naughty. But those little ones who are quite sure of Father Christmas's gifts and favours are just those who can despatch him to other dwellings. Let the children themselves do it, let them send him to homes, to hospitals, to slums, to forgotten country places.

LADY PHYLLIS.

The Menu: SOME SEASONABLE RECIPES

Christmas Pudding: No. I.

Two pounds of finely chopped suet, 1½lb. of Demerara sugar, 1lb. of stoned, chopped raisins, 1lb. of sultanas, 1lb. of currants, 1½lb. of chopped mixed peel, ½lb. of breadcrumbs, ½lb. of flour, half a saltspoonful of salt, twelve eggs, half a teaspoonful of mixed spice, a quarter of a pint of brandy.

METHOD.—Have a large glazed earthenware pan and put in the dry ingredients, a little of each at a time, mix them well together, cover with a cloth, and let them stand overnight. Beat up the eggs thoroughly, and mix them well with the ingredients in the pan. Finally add the brandy and give another good mixing. Put the pudding mixture into buttered tin moulds, or buttered earthenware moulds, tie up the puddings securely in well-floured cloths, previously washed and dipped into boiling water, and boil six hours or longer. Hang up till required for use, when it should have another two hours' boiling. The above will make from three to four puddings. Pour a little brandy, rum, or kirsch round, and set it alight just as it is being sent to the dinner-table.

Christmas Pudding: No. II. (A Plainer Recipe)

Though not so rich as the above recipe, the following is excellent if carefully boiled. Take ¾lb. each of stoned raisins, currants, flour, and suet, ½lb. each of breadcrumbs and treacle, two eggs, a ¼lb. of candied peel, and a teaspoonful of powdered ginger. Chop the suet finely, and carefully prepare the fruit. Warm the treacle and add a little milk to it. Mix all the ingredients carefully, and boil steadily from six to eight hours.

Christmas Pudding: No. III.

Take 1lb. each of suet, raisins, currants, and breadcrumbs, ¼lb. of orange-peel, 2oz. of sweet almonds, nine eggs, sugar, nutmeg, and brandy to your taste. Boil for four and a half hours, or, if to be steamed, cook for seven hours. This is an excellent pudding.

Mincemeat

Stone and cut up 2lb. of raisins; well wash and dry the same amount of currants; peel, core, and finely chop 2½lb. of apples; chop up very small 2lb. of suet; shred and chop up 1lb. of mixed candied peel, 2lb. of Demerara sugar, the juice and grated rind of two lemons, one teaspoonful of the best mixed spice, one saltspoonful of salt, 2oz. of chopped sweet almonds, half a pint each of brandy and port wine. Mix these all well together, adding in at the last the port wine and brandy. Put all into a stone jar, cover down tightly, and, if possible, leave for a month before using.

*Almond Sauce for Plum Puddings

Two ounces of fresh butter cut up into a basin, to which add 1oz. of castor sugar and sixteen bitter almonds, blanched and pounded; rather more than half a wineglassful of brandy. All to be well beaten near the fire until the sauce looks like clotted cream. This is an old family recipe and most delicious.

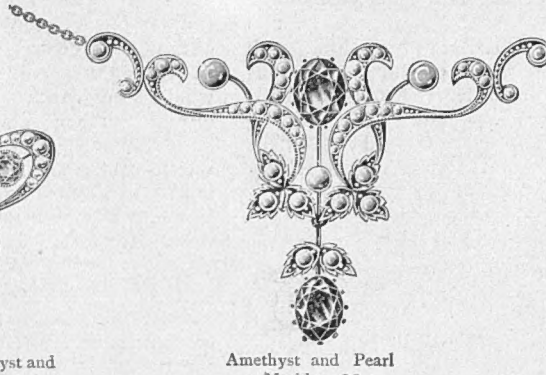
EMILIA.

*"Emilia" is willing to supply small jars of this sauce, price 1*s. 6*d. postage paid. Orders should be sent to "Emilia," 31, Lissenden Mansions, Highgate Road, N.W.

Here is a final recipe for the Christmas Plum Pudding: Take ¾ lb. of flour, 1 oz. of Borwick's Baking Powder, 2 oz. of breadcrumbs, 1½lb. of suet, 2lb. of raisins, 1 lb. of currants, 10 oz. of sugar, 2 oz. of almonds, 1 lb. of mixed candied peel, salt and spice to taste. Mix the ingredients well together, add six eggs, well beaten, and three-quarters of a pint of milk; divide in two, and boil eight hours.

BENSON'S Amethyst or Peridot Jewels FOR Xmas Presents.

Peridot or Amethyst and Pearl Pendant, £2 17s.

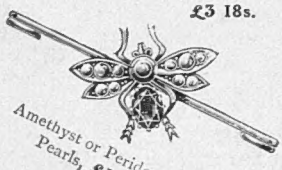


Amethyst and Pearl Necklet, £9

Amethyst and Pearls, £3 18s.

Amethyst or Peridot and Pearls, £2 15s.

Amethyst, with Diamond Point, £5



Amethyst or Peridot and Pearls, £1 4s.

Set with Oriental Pearls in Fine Gold.

Elegant, Effective, yet Inexpensive.

The Jewels of the Day.

PERIDOT,

the Gem made fashionable by us, is a lovely soft green.

BROOCHES,
BRACELETS,
NECKLETS,
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Etc., etc.

SELECTIONS sent on Approval Carriage Paid.

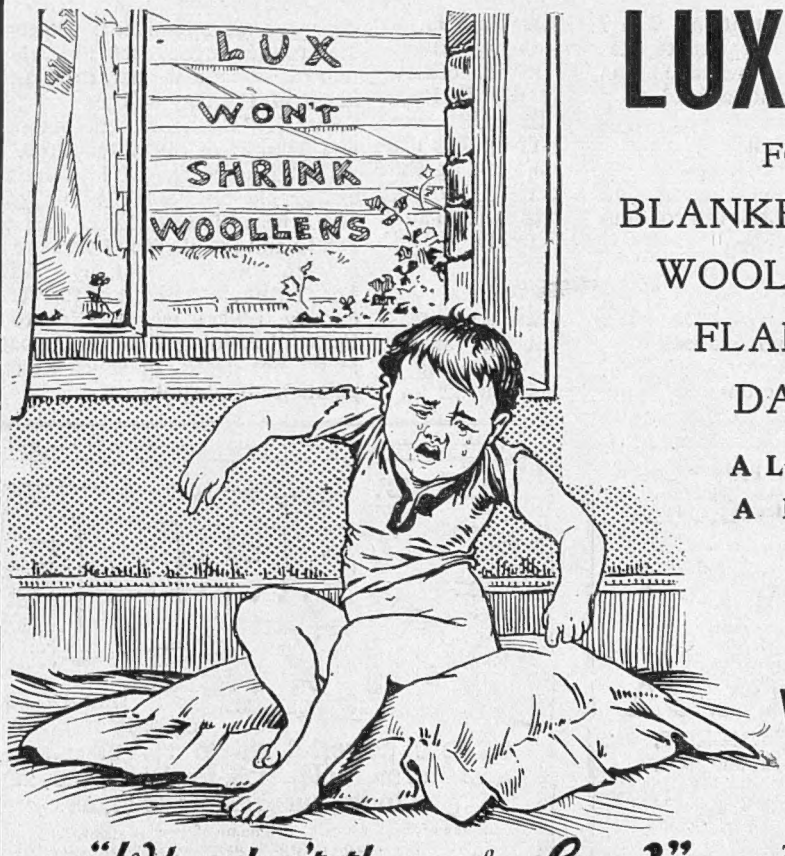
COLOURED LIST, showing the lovely tints of the various gems, Free.

"The Times" System of Purchase by MONTHLY PAYMENTS is available for your Presents.

Illustrated Books Free. { No. 1—Of Watches, Chains, Rings, with size card, Jewellery. No. 2—Of "Empire" and Silver Plate, Clocks, Pretty yet Inexpensive Articles in Silver for Presents, and Suit Cases. } *Mention "The Bystander."*

J. W. BENSON, LTD.,

62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.



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The Editor's Box

Ideal in Name and Character

It would be difficult to find a more acceptable Christmas gift than Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen. The possession of a fountain pen always gives great pleasure, and, as Mr. S. R. Crockett wrote, "To give away a Waterman's Ideal is to make a friend for life." These pens are made in styles to suit every requirement, and at varying prices from half a guinea, with nibs to suit every purpose. The manufacture of Waterman's Ideal has long since been brought to the point of absolute mechanical perfection. As a gift, it pleases the recipient. As a pen, it will not cause inconvenience and trouble in use (the bane of so many fountain pens), but remains a faithful and valued friend for years. Waterman's Ideal can be had from stationers and jewellers throughout the kingdom. Those mounted in silver, gold, etc., are particularly suitable for presentation purposes. Two varieties of their Standard Pen recently placed upon the market are well worthy of separate mention, viz., the Waterman's Ideal Pump-Filling Pen, which is an improvement on all existing self-filling pens, and also the Waterman's Ideal Safety Pen, which can be carried in any position, hence it is particularly useful for travellers, sportsmen, and ladies. A booklet, showing the varying styles, will gladly be sent free to any reader applying for the same to Messrs. L. and C. Hardtmuth, 12, Golden Lane, London, E.C.

The Queen and Her Kodak

The publication of so notable a work as the Queen's Christmas Gift-Book of Photographs should be the means of greatly extending the present intensely popular interest in picture-making with the camera, and it is interesting to notice in this volume an intimation that the pictures were taken with a Kodak. The same paragraph acknowledges the special steps taken by Kodak, Ltd., to assist in the distribution of the book. Evidence of the Company's activities is to be seen at their various depots, where the whole window has been devoted to the furtherance of the sale of the book. On the Continent also—Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Brussels, St. Petersburg, Milan, Nice, Lyons, and Moscow—they are especially interesting themselves in the disposal of the book, and a large sale is looked for in Australia, America, Canada, and South Africa. A book of such important photographic interest should incidentally have the effect of drawing attention to the simple and convenient method of photography now so widely known as the Kodak system.

A Warning

In these days, the commercial pirate has more or less taken the place of the buccaneer of old, and no valuable invention or discovery is free from his attention. The Thermos Flask is no exception to the rule. Many actions at law have been taken in this country and abroad to protect the Thermos patents. In spite of this, there are still a few infringers. The public are cautioned against them, and at the same time are informed that Thermos, Ltd., will continue to prosecute all and sundry infringers of its rights.

An Ideal Teapot

The "Colander" pot, in which, by a clever contrivance, the tea-leaves are drawn up out of the water when the tea has "drawn" sufficiently

An Ideal Teapot

We have just come across a new teapot called the "Colander," which seems to make careful tea-making a certainty. The secret is that the tea-leaves are contained in a small metal tray, which, when the tea is drawn, is raised up out of the water by pressing a small button by the handle. This eminently practical teapot is both simple and convenient, and can be obtained in copper and electro-plate at exceedingly moderate prices. It would seem to be an ideal Christmas gift. Further particulars of this handy utensil and other requisites which will make excellent Christmas presents can be obtained from Messrs. W. A. S. Benson and Co., 82, New Bond Street, W.

Tuck's Christmas Cards

Christmas comes but once a year, but Tuck's cards are ever with us, now that the picture-card habit is so firmly founded in our everyday life. But the unparalleled growth of the picture postcard has not caused Messrs. Raphael Tuck to relax their efforts with regard to the Christmas card and calendar, pure and simple, upon which their world-wide reputation has been built. If one can point to no great originality in their designs for 1908, the quality is as high as usual, and the choice is almost endless. Among the cards *de luxe*, nothing could be finer or in better taste than reproductions of the postcards of their Majesties the King and Queen and also that of the Kaiser. Christmas postcards—picture postcards with appropriate Christmas greetings upon them—are well represented, and will prove most popular with many, while those desiring a more permanent memento to send to their friends could not do better than one of the many calendars offered. Some of the best of these are "The Smart Set" Calendars, containing some fine pictures of celebrated dogs, and "The Shakespeare," while in the interchangeable varieties "The Fair Sport" and a neat blotter calendar are both dainty and useful. Toy books are also well to the fore, notably "Father Tuck's Annual," a feast of fun for the nursery, while a new addition to the Postcard Painting Books is the patent Paint Box Book, of which a set of paints is an integral part.

"PLASMON—is the BEST part of Nature's BEST food.—MILK. and increases the food value enormously."
—*Lancet.*

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TENFOLD NUTRIMENT,
in Tins, 9d., 1/4 and 2/6.
PLASMON IS USED BY THE ROYAL FAMILY.
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LAZENBY'S CHEF SAUCE.
has a rare snappy flavour,
and is a powerful aid to the digestion.
Meat (hot and cold), fish, fowl, or game, all gain in flavour from its addition.
Full size sample bottle, with name of nearest agent, sent post free on receipt of six penny stamps.
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